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THE CORRUPT PRACTICES BILL.

IF a certain well-known quotation can be transferred from countries to Governments, HER MAJESTY'S Ministers ought not to be put into too good spirits even by the large number of unopposed second readings which have lately fallen to their lot. With them Bills accumulate, but men decay. The remarkable circumstances of Lord ROSEBURY's resignation are susceptible of various explanations. It may be, as is hinted, that Lord ROSEBURY will trick his beams, and appear once more as a Minister. But, as the matter stands, he appears to have resigned either because the HOME SECRETARY grumbled at him as having been pitchforked into a place as a makeshift to satisfy the Scotch members, or because the Radical "tail" grumbled at him as a peer. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's affecting and idyllic explanation of the feelings existing between him and his late subordinate does not explain away the facts which led to the first supposition; it does not touch the second. Neither cause is exactly a satisfactory one to account for the getting rid of a colleague whose ability is equal to the average, and whose popularity in a not unimportant district of the kingdom is above the average. But the ways of Mr. GLADSTONE and of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government are not as the ways of other Governments and other men. If the curious phenomenon of Lord ROSEBURY's eclipse had not once more established this undeniable proposition, Mr. GLADSTONE's reported denial or obliviscence of his quotations from Mr. BRADLAUGH's works would have proved it sufficiently for one week. It is quite true in the literal sense that, as far as is known, Mr. GLADSTONE never quoted from any book written by Mr. BRADLAUGH from title-page to colophon. But Mr. GLADSTONE, on a very famous occasion, certainly did quote from, in his own words, "a questionable book," which contained some "good sense." The good sense was a silly and disloyal parody of the National Anthem, and the questionable book was the *Secularist's Manual*, a volume of selections prefaced by CHARLES BRADLAUGH. Most people would understand a denial of quotation from Mr. BRADLAUGH's works to cover this little incident, and to be hard to explain with it; Mr. GLADSTONE evidently does not so understand it. Yet again the assurance which Mr. GLADSTONE at length vouchsafed on Thursday that a record of Mr. ERRINGTON's proceedings should be kept to prevent a "lack of continuity" may seem strange to some men, considering Mr. GLADSTONE's vehement protestations that there has been nothing to continue. But no doubt Mr. GLADSTONE does not think it strange. So, also, most Ministers would consider the circumstances of Lord ROSEBURY's resignation a proof of rather bad management on their own part; but it is tolerably certain that Mr. GLADSTONE does not.

However, if one more has been added temporarily or in permanence to the rapidly growing group of Liberal ex-Ministers, which will shortly be little less strong in numbers and rather stronger in ability than the Ministry itself, the Ministerial "paper" is, as has been said, being accepted freely. The debate last Monday night on the Corrupt Practices Bill was not one of those debates which raise the character of the House of Commons. With the exception of Mr. COWEN, a free lance by profession, and Mr. CHARLES LEWIS, who allows himself considerable license of the same kind, almost every member

who spoke either talked claptrap or pretty obviously did not say the thing he meant. As far as details go, there has seldom been anything more complete than Mr. LEWIS's exposure of the inconsistencies and anomalies of the Bill itself, and its still greater inconsistency and anomaly as coming from its authors. But the details of the Bill are not really the important point, and the discussions in Committee hitherto have shown this. Mr. BROADHURST's proposition to throw election expenses on the rates was opposed in an unsatisfactory way, though with a satisfactory result, by Mr. GLADSTONE, and the rest of Thursday's discussion was a mere Irish wrangle. Every man in the House—certainly every man possessed of ordinary intelligence—knew that the real object of the Government in introducing the Bill was partly to strengthen the hands of the Caucuses, and partly to put a fresh coat of varnish on their own rather faded reputation for exquisite morality; that the real reason of the Opposition for not opposing it vigorously was unwillingness to risk appearing as champions of immorality. As the one party was obliged to pretend the utmost purity of intention, so the other, with some honourable exceptions, thought itself obliged to recognize the purity of those intentions. To do the Radicals out of doors justice, their language has been less hypocritical than that of most Liberals and too many Conservatives in Parliament itself. The Bill is declared to be an attempt to transfer the whole business of electioneering from candidates to organizations. That is the fact, and the acknowledgment of it is at least honest, and not unintelligent. To say, as has been said on the other side, that it is not obvious how the Caucus can be dealt with, and that "the existence of an evil which we cannot reach" is no reason for neglecting to deal with one that we "have the opportunity of curbing," is neither honest nor intelligent. The evil of the present Bill, with its grotesque limitations, its multiplied and harassing details, omission in regard to any one of which may void an election, its modified but still excessive penalties on the wrong persons, and its general grandmotherliness, as of a fussy and ill-tempered grandmother, is not merely that it ignores the Caucus, but that it plays into its hands. A candidate who is hampered and threatened in this fashion at every step of his personal action is naturally inclined to take refuge with those who relieve him of all personal responsibility. No doubt courageous judges, by making a vigorous use of the general doctrine of agency, might checkmate the Caucuses; but there is absolutely nothing in the four corners of this Bill to prevent a central organization in Birmingham from manipulating even to the extent of direct bribery the election of a candidate in Ipswich without the possibility of proving a corrupt practice technically against him. It may or may not be true that under this Bill it will be almost impossible for an independent candidate to get suitable agents or conduct an election with any chance of success. It is quite certain that it will interpose very few if any difficulties in the way of the operations of Mr. SCHNADHORST. The most foolish thing, perhaps, that has been said in the whole matter is the consolatory remark that Conservative Caucuses are rapidly perfecting themselves, so that both sides can play the same game. The consolation to those who think that the member elected by a Caucus, and therefore dependent on a Caucus, is as great a national nuisance on one side as on the other, is naturally small. Bad as so-called corrupt practices may be, they at least tended to the return of

independent members of the House of Commons. Excellent as the extirpation of corrupt practices may be, it can only tend, if carried out by the methods here adopted, to the return of delegates.

The sorry spectacle given by the debate was not made less sorry by Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL's attempt to improve upon the HOME SECRETARY'S doctrines as formulated on the Durham Sunday Closing Bill. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who used to be thought something of a Whig, has explained to an edified country how members of Parliament ought to be barometers of democratic opinion, how a Government ought to avoid responsibility till the barometer points to "set" something or other, and how then, whether it be set folly, or set intolerance, or set madness, the Government must be "governed by the people." Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, who has taken the pains to expound to a not over-interested world his own reasons for ceasing to be a Whig, and has been rewarded for the exposition by subordinate office, is a promising scholar of Sir WILLIAM'S. The electors, he tells us, "are determined to rid themselves of the degrading tyranny of the purse." For a tiro the pupil aptly imitates the master. To an old Whig no less than to an old Tory, to any one indeed whom the cant of democracy had not blinded, it might seem that the best way for the indignant elector to rid himself of the tyranny of the purse would be simply to refuse to take bribes. The history of elections is curious and not always edifying; but we do not remember any recent instance in which the shrinking virtue of an elector has been violated by main force, and he has been obliged to accept a five-pound note at the risk of his bones or his life. But to persons who merely look at the barometer this argument is doubtless as valueless as the argument that publicans do not usually post bruisers at the corners of the street to compel the honest workman to come in and drink. The barometer says, or is supposed to say (for the truth of the record is remarkably dubious in both cases), "my will is that you 'make me sober against my will'; 'my will is that the 'wicked men who offer me five-pound notes shall be imprisoned, but that I may keep the five-pound notes if I 'like.' Supposing the suppression of drunkenness to be the real object of legislation, the only honest and reasonable way is to punish the drunkards who drink of their own free will; and supposing the suppression of bribery to be aimed at, the only honest and reasonable way is to punish the electors who betray their trust by accepting five-pound notes of their own will. But the barometer of democratic opinion does not say this, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. RUSSELL look at the barometer. Perhaps some day, if the great democratic idea of the abolition of property becomes actual, it will be urged by the help of a petition from burglars, pickpockets, and the other varieties of adepts in thieving, praying to be relieved from the degrading tyranny of the temptation to which the institution of property exposes them.

ROYAL DUKES AS COLONIAL GOVERNORS.

AN inquiry whether the Duke of ALBANY had expressed a wish to serve the country as Governor-General of Canada was, although the question may probably have been asked with the best intentions, indiscreet and irregular. Mr. GLADSTONE properly declined to give any information on the subject; and it may be hoped that he will not have occasion to repeat his refusal. The present Ministers or their successors will probably find it necessary to place some limit on the exercise of Parliamentary curiosity. Much valuable time is taken up with demands for information which at the best merely tend to satisfy an appetite for political gossip. The practice becomes more mischievous when questions recite supposed facts, and insinuate conclusions which the Minister can neither accept nor on the spur of the moment disprove. Mr. TREVELYAN lately protested with good reason against the calumnies and false reports which frequently assume the form of questions relating to Irish administration. It is perhaps impossible to exclude by any fixed rule the reference to the House of Commons of frivolous and personal grievances; but the appointment to great offices is not a fit subject for Parliamentary consideration, except when it can be alleged that the prerogative of the Crown has been grossly abused. The comparative merits of different candidates cannot be discussed, or even noticed, in the House of Commons without a risk

of grave injury to the public service. The election of Lord LANSDOWNE to succeed Lord LORNE in Canada has been generally approved; and it is not desirable that the responsibility of the PRIME MINISTER and the SECRETARY of the COLONIES should be divided with any other authority. Lord DERBY cannot properly be required to explain his reasons for the appointment, or to state whether he had occasion to consider any alternative claim. Parliamentary questions on such matters might, if they were encouraged, degenerate into appeals to the House of Commons from the heads of departments.

It is true that in the particular case the issue raised by the objectionable question was not strictly personal. It was not suggested that the Duke of ALBANY was better qualified for the office of Viceroy than Lord LANSDOWNE, except by reason of his higher rank; but on this point also the judgment of the Minister must be accepted as final. The advantage or inconvenience of appointing Princes of the blood royal to the government of colonies is a legitimate subject of discussion out of doors. The House of Commons cannot deal with the matter without usurping powers which are vested in another branch of the Government. It is not surprising that the modern type of colonial Constitution should have suggested to some political theorists the expediency of a still closer approximation to the Imperial model. The Governor of Canada or of New South Wales, acting only through a Ministry nominated by a Parliamentary majority, seems at first sight to share the disabilities of the Sovereign whose dignity he represents. He can neither initiate nor directly control the policy for which he is to some extent nominally responsible; and it is his primary duty to stand aloof from parties, and to give his confidence equally to successive Ministers of the most opposite opinions. The paradoxes and anomalies of his position are overlooked, because they apparently reproduce the peculiarities of Parliamentary government as it has for one or two generations been administered at home. Only a few thoughtful observers appreciate the artificial and almost casual nature of the constitutional fabric; and it is seldom remembered that self-government, as it is called, in the colonies has only lasted for a quarter of a century. The doctrine that the head of the State can do no wrong may be a part of the divinity which hedges a crown; but it can scarcely be applied to an active statesman who has been appointed by the Colonial Secretary. If the Governor-General of Canada sometimes represents a limited monarch, he is occasionally required to emerge from his Epicurean indifference.

Lord DUFFERIN and Lord LORNE have shown much tact and judgment in avoiding collision with their responsible advisers. Animated controversies on railway enterprises and Government guarantees have found and left them neutral, and they have witnessed, without any apparent breach of equanimity, the establishment and maintenance of the most perverse tariffs. On one occasion Lord LORNE traversed a little constitutional crisis with success, passing, according to the Greek proverb, as if on the edge of a razor. The Canadian Dominion is subject to one class of complications from which the United Kingdom is exempt. The Federal system, which has been with partial success borrowed from the great neighbouring Republic, necessarily leaves room for conflicts between central authority and State or provincial rights. Each of the provinces has a little Parliament and a separate Ministry of its own; and the Governor-General must respect its privileges and its qualified independence. A dispute occurred two or three years ago between one of the provincial Governments and the Ministry of the Dominion as to the position of a functionary who had lost the confidence of the local Parliament. Both parties claimed the support and recognition of the Governor-General, and his decision in favour of his own immediate advisers was generally approved. Lord DUFFERIN went to Canada with the resolution to strengthen as far as possible the unity of feeling between the Dominion and the mother-country. His cordial sympathy with colonial interests and his genial eloquence did much to correct the angry feeling which had been caused by the unwise display on the part of some Liberal statesmen of indifference to the retention of the colonial empire. Lord LORNE has judiciously followed the example of his predecessor; and Lord LANSDOWNE is not likely to recur to a policy of irritation.

It may possibly be hereafter allowable to try the experiment of appointing some member of the Royal Family

to the governorship of one of the great colonies. His personal position would perhaps facilitate his independence of parties, and any popularity which he might acquire would tend to increase the loyalty of the colonists to the Crown. On the other hand, the converse danger of involving Royal personages in political conflicts ought not to be overlooked. In former times the immunity of the Crown from censure was not perceptibly affected by the miscarriages of official personages of the highest rank. The Duke of YORK was removed from the command of the army without untoward results; and the Duke of WELLINGTON had no hesitation in dismissing the Duke of CLARENCE, heir-presumptive to the throne, from the office of Lord High Admiral. At present demagogues and agitators would be ready to take advantage of any scandal of the kind. The risk may not in itself constitute a sufficient reason for regarding members of the Royal Family as ineligible for employment in the colonies; but, if such an appointment were contemplated, all the elements of the question ought to be fully considered. At home the QUEEN'S sons have more than average opportunities of acquiring distinction in the army and navy. It is tacitly understood that they take no part in domestic politics. One of them has from his youth been almost without interruption engaged in active service in the navy. The Duke of CONNAUGHT was in the short Egyptian campaign preferred to the command of a division. There were sufficient reasons for declining to comply with the anxious desire of the PRINCE OF WALES for military employment.

Irrespective of the question whether the princes of the blood should represent the QUEEN, longer experience is required before responsible government in the colonies can be known to have assumed its definitive form. A nominee of the Home Government who has no power to give effect to the policy of the Minister who chose him might have been supposed to hold an impossible position, if the arrangement had not, on the whole, worked smoothly. In one or two of the Australian colonies there have been temporary deadlocks; but there has never been a final rupture between the Legislature and the representative of the Crown. Judicious colonial politicians greatly prefer the present mode of appointment to the system of election which prevails in the United States. There can be no doubt that the selection of a Governor by a popular majority would, by greatly increasing his power, practically destroy the similarity of colonial institutions to the Imperial type. A President of the United States has more direct power than an English Sovereign, and he may, if he thinks fit, be virtually his own Minister. The principal disadvantage of his position is, that while he is the first representative of the country at large, he is also expected to maintain his allegiance to his party. In times of political excitement he is perhaps denounced by nearly half of the community as a supporter of erroneous principles, while his own adherents regard him as the protector of their special interests. A colonial Governor is independent of party, though he may be compelled to acquiesce in measures which he dislikes. Up to the present time it may be said that the experiment of responsible government has been fairly successful. Colonial Governors have for the most part become members of a profession or department of the public service in which they obtain promotion by seniority, by merit, or by favour. There are good reasons for occasionally reserving the governorship of the greatest colonies for statesmen of political or diplomatic experience. It is possible that social influence may in some cases have a certain political utility; but much judgment is required in consulting the tastes and prejudices of a democratic community. Lord LANSDOWNE'S official and Parliamentary training will qualify him for the task of promoting the welfare of the Dominion, without exciting the jealousy of his responsible advisers.

M. DE LESSEPS AND THE CANAL.

M. DE LESSEPS was, as usual, buoyant and defiant in addressing his admiring shareholders. It is his business, as he declares, to put those who have followed and trusted him in the way of making a fortune. He knows how to do it, is going to do it, and no one can or shall stop him. It is not merely a moderate or satisfactory interest on their money that they deserve. They went into a perilous enterprise when all the world laughed at

them. Now that they have succeeded, beyond even their own wildest expectations, they are entitled to a reward great in proportion to their risks. In order to earn a sufficient revenue they must provide sufficient accommodation; and this they and their President are perfectly willing to do. They are spending over a million sterling to improve the Canal, and with these improvements they can accommodate a traffic of 10,000 tons. Some day the traffic may exceed even that large amount, and therefore the Company is willing to take immediate steps to make a second canal by the side of the present Canal. M. DE LESSEPS was, however, very anxious to guard his hearers against supposing that the construction of a second canal had been forced on the Company by what he termed the barren agitation that has been going on in England. He had already, so long ago as January last, foreshadowed the possibility of a second canal being made. Those who have been conducting this agitation in England will scarcely think that their agitation has been as barren as M. DE LESSEPS affects to consider it. In January M. DE LESSEPS certainly did speak of a second canal; but he spoke of it as a remote possibility, as something which at some unknown distance of time might be worth serious consideration. Now he speaks of it as a thing which is occupying his immediate attention, which he is studying how to carry out at once and in the best way, and as to which he is negotiating with every prospect of speedy success so as to satisfy the Egyptian and still more the English Government. He was able to state that his English colleagues were working heartily with him, and that all he said and did had their cordial approval. The whole Board is desirous to set about the construction of a second canal on fair terms. And it was easy to see what M. DE LESSEPS did not include in this phrase of fair terms. He did not include any reduction of rates which could prevent his adventurous shareholders realizing the fortunes he promised; and he did not include any reconstitution of the governing power of his Company so as to give a larger share of control to the representatives of the nation which furnishes the Company with four-fifths of its traffic. The same Company under the same management is to earn for its shareholders the same magnificent dividends. All that the outside world gains is that it is to be better accommodated.

The address of British shipowners to Lord GRANVILLE is framed very much on the same lines as the speech of M. DE LESSEPS. Its authors do not pretend to furnish England with any special highway to India of its own. They want to be allowed to make a new canal; but they do not ask that their canal shall have less of an international character than that of M. DE LESSEPS has. They do not imagine that England would guard the new canal better than it guards the old one. They do not care to contest that the double canal which M. DE LESSEPS proposes would adequately accommodate English traffic. They do not in any way wish to intrude on the French Company, to share its powers, or guide its management. They steer clear of politics so far as possible, and thus avoid many of the very obvious objections which beset the crude schemes that were originally supposed to be favoured by them. They confine themselves exclusively to commercial considerations. Where they part company with M. DE LESSEPS is solely on the question of rates. M. DE LESSEPS wants high rates in order that his shareholders may make fortunes. The shipowners want low rates in order that they may carry on their business with less cost. M. DE LESSEPS protests that he is charging no more than he is permitted to charge by the convention of 1876. The shipowners do not deny this. They do not say that he charges more than he is entitled to charge. What they contend, and could easily prove, is that he charges more than they would charge if they had a canal of their own. The issue is therefore a very simple one, and it is whether the English Government can equitably sanction a new canal, the one object of which is to lessen the dividends of the French Company. The English Government has not in any way prejudged this question by favouring the preliminary negotiations of M. DE LESSEPS for permission to make a new canal by the side of the present one. If Parliament had previously sanctioned the construction of a railway with a single line of rails, it might very well in the same Session pass a Bill authorizing the Company to double its line, and another Bill authorizing another Company to make a competing line. The English Government may help M. DE LESSEPS to make a

second line, and at the same time allow a new Company to make a new canal. Whether it ought to allow a new Company to make a new canal depends partly on the wording of the concession of M. DE LESSEPS, and partly on general considerations of equity. The contention that the concession confers a monopoly has always seemed open to doubt, and this impression will be increased when it is found that M. DE LESSEPS thought it politic to assure his shareholders that their concession gave them an exclusive right of making a canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. This it most certainly does not do. It does not speak of the Mediterranean, but of the Gulf of Pelusium, and it speaks, not of the Red Sea, but of the Bay of Suez. A canal between different points, or from a different point to one of the same points, is not noticed in the concession, because no one then dreamt of such a canal being made. In the same way M. DE LESSEPS got not the exclusive power of making a canal between his points, but the exclusive power of forming a Company to construct such a canal, because no one then dreamt that two canals would be made; and the only question was who should be allowed to make one canal. On the general grounds of equity, however, the position of M. DE LESSEPS is not without strength. The meaning of the parties was undoubtedly that M. DE LESSEPS should be able to offer his shareholders a handsome prize if they would risk their money in an enterprise which most people thought was sure to fail. It is equally true, however, that the parties never meant that in the event of success the Company should subject the commerce of the world to exorbitant burdens in order to obtain exorbitant profits.

The probability, therefore, is that the English Government will find itself in a position to give M. DE LESSEPS his choice between a competitive canal and a reduction of his rates; and, if he sees that he has to make his choice, there can be little doubt that he will choose to reduce his rates. He could scarcely be asked to reduce them to the point which would be accepted by the constructors of a competitive canal; for in the first place his shareholders deserve a more than common reward, and the adventurous spirit of the world ought not to be discouraged, and in the next place he will be saving the investors of Europe a great waste of money. The new canal must be longer than the present one; it will follow a more expensive line, and it must be double the width if it is to offer the accommodation of the double canal of M. DE LESSEPS. It will, therefore, cost a very large sum of money, and if the doubling of the present Canal would amply accommodate the traffic, to make what would virtually amount to three new canals instead of one would be a grievous squandering of capital. If M. DE LESSEPS would double the Canal, and lower his rates in some substantial degree, no one would have any great cause of complaint, although he could no longer call an agitation barren which had first stirred him to activity and then touched his pocket. But, while the negotiations now going on might thus have a termination fairly satisfactory to the English Government, to the French Company and to the British shipowner, there is one party to them whose claims and interests ought not to be overlooked. The Egyptian Government may reasonably ask that its existence shall be recognized, at any rate in Egypt. If the Company of M. DE LESSEPS nobly risked its money in its enterprise, it also terribly fleeced the Egyptians. It made Egypt bury millions on millions in the sand of the desert without getting any return for them. It was then supposed that Egypt must sink all this money in order to see an enterprise carried out which outsiders would never touch unless Egypt bled in their aid. Things are changed now. It has been discovered that to make a canal through Egypt is a highly lucrative proceeding. Egypt has something to sell, instead of to buy, in the opening for a waterway. There is no reason why Egypt should not ask for a royalty on the profits of a new canal, just as the owner of the soil asks for a royalty on the profits of a mine. It would be perfectly fair that Egypt should sell, not give, a concession, whether to M. DE LESSEPS for a second canal or to English competitors for their canal. And if ever necessity could be a good plea for demanding what is due, Egypt is now as amply warranted in asking that a windfall fairly coming in her way shall not be denied her as any nation could be. Egypt has got to meet the Indemnity claims, which threaten to be very large; and a superstitious reverence for the Law of Liquidation prevents her from having

any apparent means of meeting them. A charge on the profits of a new canal equal to the interest of what she will have to pay in the shape of indemnities might give her a very convenient and very proper mode of escaping from her present financial difficulties.

THE MARRIAGE LAW.

THE approaching renewal of the attempt to pass through the House of Lords the Bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister is likely, whatever may be its result, to be a somewhat important event in the history of agitations—a history which will have to be written some day. The tactics of the supporters of the Bill since the place of contest was changed from the House of Commons to the House of Lords have not been wanting in ingenuity; and it is sufficiently notorious that no pains have been spared to carry into effect the wishes of a small knot of wealthy law-breakers, wishes which happen to coincide with the perpetual desire of some political Dissenters to administer a rebuff to the Church of England. From the bringing to bear of influences rarely employed in Parliamentary affairs—influences the admission of which many of the most vehement supporters of the measure would be the first to deprecate in other matters—to the singular pamphlet which Lord DALHOUSIE has just published, containing the testimony of some American persons who have formed connexions with their deceased wives' sisters, and who pronounce them in every way satisfactory, no stone has been left unturned. But in the House of Lords, at any rate, one argument which might work in favour of the measure in the present House of Commons is not likely to be used. Lord DALHOUSIE and his friends will not tell the House that the measure is in great part intended, as it has been above described, as a rebuff to the Church of England. Yet that it is so intended there is no doubt whatever. So large and so loosely disciplined a body as the Anglican Church always includes a few eccentric persons who can be induced to side with any agitation. But there is no more doubt that the enormous majority of the clergy regard the proposed alteration with the utmost aversion than that the formularies of the Church itself condemn that alteration. The remarkable meeting of Thursday, in which Lord SHAPTESBURY took part side by side with Archdeacon DENISON, may be said to be fatal to the idea that this repugnance is the repugnance of a party or a school. For any peer who may be wavering in his vote this ought to be a serious consideration, especially as the affront to the clergy would not be a matter of sentiment only. A very real difficulty lies before the promoters of the Bill. If they admit the principle of a conscience clause, whereby clergymen are permitted to avoid, as far as they are personally concerned, the violation of their consciences and of the canons, the agitators will infallibly be dissatisfied as in all parallel cases. If no such conscience clause is included, there will still more infallibly be presented the spectacle of clergymen undergoing legal penalties for refusing to countenance what their Church has pronounced to be incest.

With respect to the social as distinguished from the ecclesiastical and political aspects of the measure, the argument is so well worn that it is almost impossible to restate it in a way likely to have any novel effect. Those who maintain that the proposed change will not in effect exclude one sister from another's house during her life, and still more after her death, manifest a courageous ignorance, or a still more courageous ignoring, of the ways of human nature, which puts them beyond the reach of any possible argument. Those who quote colonial or American instances show an inability to distinguish between different sets of social conditions and different standards of conventional propriety which ranges them in the same condition. But perhaps the most important, and certainly the least hackneyed, of the social arguments is that which was forcibly urged in the House of Lords last year—the extreme impolicy in the present state of public morality of interfering in any way—putting the particular way for the moment out of question—with the acknowledged and conventional sanctity of the institution of marriage. There can be no doubt in the mind of any impartial person that increased facilities of divorce, however much they may have acted in relieving individual cases of hardship, have, in the sense of relaxing this sanctity, been distinctly

prejudicial to public morals and public manners. But the bad effect, such as it is, of comparatively easy divorce is an indirectly bad effect; the effect of removing the restrictions on marriage in the first instance is a direct effect. Initially, at any rate, the utmost facility of divorce legalizes no act that would otherwise be illegal. The law gives no sanction to the adultery which precedes and procures divorce. It alleviates the consequences, and so indirectly is an accessory after the fact; but that is the worst that can be said by those who most disapprove of its action in loosing, as opposed to its action in afterwards retying, the bond. But the Bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister directly and immediately relaxes the frail but important ties of convention which keep back society from promiscuous concubinage. It may or it may not relax them widely, but it does relax them, and it is the experience of all ages that in such matters a relaxation is the direct preliminary to a dissolution. Form and Fear, the guardians of all such matters, once set at naught, their influence is hardly likely to be re-established in full force in other cases.

But perhaps the consideration which ought to weigh most strongly with a legislator is not the ecclesiastical or the moral, but the political. It may be said deliberately that it is impossible to conceive anything, politically speaking, *pejoris exempli*, than concession in this case on the grounds urged by the advocates of the measure themselves. Stripped of accessories, and deprived of the support of the half-avowed motives which are brought to assist it, the contention of Lord DALHOUSIE, as of all who have from time to time patronized the measure, comes to simply this—that if a sufficiently active, wealthy, and influential body of law-breakers persist long enough in breaking the law, and clamour loud enough to be allowed to break it with impunity, the law shall be shaped to their wishes. In almost every case of the removal of a disability or the relaxation of a restriction it has been shown, or at least urged, that the circumstances under which the disability or the restriction applied were circumstances in which the sufferer suffered from *force majeure*, and not by his own fault. In this case nothing of the sort can be, or indeed is, urged. The alleged hardships to children and descendants, even supposing that they lie within the purview of the law, are admittedly of the smallest, and can in almost every case be prevented by ordinary care. Besides, only the extreme hypocrisy can pretend that “the children” are really the chief objects of the promoters of the measure; while, if they are, there can be no valid reason why a general law putting illegitimate children in every case on the same footing with legitimate should not be agitated for. It is, as is well known, desire for deceased wives' sisters, and not anxiety about deceased wives' sisters' children, which is at the root of the agitation. No one compels any man to marry or desire to marry his deceased wife's sister; if he does so, he does it as a matter of pure free will—because he chooses to do so and likes to do so. In no case is there, under the present law, even a glimmer of imperative reason, though under the proposed Bill there might be, as no man could then keep house with his sister-in-law without either marrying her or sacrificing her reputation. Therefore the intended permission is to be given, not merely to importunate asking—that would be a bad reason enough, but far less bad than the actual one—but to shameless and deliberate dispensing with permission. The spirit merchants of the United Kingdom might with almost as good a face urge the abolition of the spirit duties on the plea that they have been smuggling as the only members of the association for passing this Bill who have a *locus standi* can urge the relaxation of the marriage law. No valid precedent can be quoted for indulgence to such a state of things, and no worse precedent could be created than indulgence to it. If ecclesiastical tradition were as much in favour of the connexion as it is against it; if religious and moral sentiment approved it as much as religious and moral sentiment (where both are not obscured either by a passionate private desire, or by the wish to deal a back-blow at a hated and dominant Church) disapprove it—this political reason would remain imperative on every intelligent and impartial politician. Even that dangerous analogue of the sacred right of insurrection, the supposed desire of a majority, or important minority, of the nation to break the law, cannot here be pleaded. Once more the whole political state of the case is this, that a body, absolutely small and relatively infinitesimal, of persons who have let their

private passion override the law, their conscience, and the obvious welfare of the community, demand indemnity and sanction for the future, as a comfort to themselves and an encouragement to others. Those who vote with Lord DALHOUSIE will vote for this and for nothing else.

THE AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS BILLS.

THERE is no material difference between the Scotch and the English Bills for securing compensation to outgoing agricultural tenants. In both parts of the kingdom landowners will be disposed to accept the measure, because they compare its provisions not with the standard of abstract justice, but with the audacious demands which the Farmers' Alliance has borrowed from the Irish Land Act. It is not to be feared that the Government will be so weak as to assent to any important amendment. The extension of the provisions of the Act to the sitting tenant would alter and reverse the whole character of the measure. The second reading would have been taken on false pretences if tenant-right or judicial rents were to be at a later stage smuggled into the Bill. On the whole, it seems more prudent to acquiesce in a questionable legislative innovation than to give the Radical section of the Cabinet an excuse for more serious interference with the rights of property. The material provisions of the Bills relate to improvements defined in the second and third parts of the Schedules. The second part of the Scotch Bill consists of the single word “drainage,” with the heading “Improvement in respect of which notice to landlord is required.” On receiving notice the landlord may execute the drainage himself, charging the tenant 5 per cent. on the outlay. In that case there would be no improvement made by the tenant for which he could claim compensation. It is only when the landlord declines or fails to do the work that the tenant may make the drains, with a contingent right to such an amount of compensation as represents the value of the improvement to an incoming tenant. In practice drainage is scarcely ever effected by a tenant, except under an agreement which secures to him the remaining value of the improvement on the expiration of his tenancy. Probably nine-tenths of all drainage works in England are executed by the landlord, who, under the provisions of modern Acts of Parliament, is, if he is a limited owner, entitled to charge the inheritance with the outlay. It is barely possible that, through caprice or error of judgment, a tenant might, on the refusal of the landlord, waste money in draining land where no operation of the kind was required; but farmers are seldom disposed to unnecessary expenditure of capital, and in the supposed case the outgoing tenant would not be strictly entitled to compensation, because the alleged improvement would be valueless, or perhaps injurious, to his successor.

The first part of the Schedule enumerates the improvements for which no compensation can be claimed unless they have been made with the written consent of the landlord. In other words, the Act will not apply to erection or enlargement of buildings, to laying down permanent pasture, to making of water meadows or works of irrigation, to making of gardens, of roads or bridges, to making waterworks or permanent fences, to reclamation of waste land, or to weiring or embanking of land. In the debate or conversation on the second reading of the English Bill, one of the supporters of the Farmers' Alliance asked why the tenant should not be allowed to build a pigsty, except at his own risk. The answer is that if buildings were not excepted by general words, the tenant might build a dining-room or a conservatory, throwing the ultimate cost on the landlord. It might perhaps be feasible to alter the law of fixtures so as to enable the tenant to remove any building for which he would not be entitled to compensation. In practice the erection of proper additions to the farm buildings is secured by agreement with the landlord. For some time past reasonable demands of the kind have for obvious reasons been almost uniformly conceded. The making of water meadows is one of the most costly of agricultural operations; and the result is sometimes profitable, and often disappointing. The occupier suffers no hardship in being deprived of the opportunity of making a doubtful speculation. If increase of agricultural produce were a proper object of legislation, the supposed loss to the community would be measured by the profit which might possibly have been obtained by the operation. If a tenant desires

to provide an agricultural or domestic water supply, or to make a road or a bridge, the landlord, if he is unable or unwilling to do the work himself, has every reason to facilitate an improvement which will, if it is desirable, be ultimately advantageous to himself. It would be unjust to compel him to engage in an undertaking which he might be unable to afford.

The third part of the Schedule includes claying, marling, liming, and in general terms the application of manures derived from external sources to the land. For the unexhausted value of manures compensation is almost everywhere in some form allowed. In some parts of the country the landlord stipulates in the agreement for the lease for the annual provision of a certain amount of lime or artificial manure. In such cases the so-called improvement is part of the original bargain, and any burdensome obligation is considered in the rent. The main objection to the provisions of the Bills is that they require a reference to arbitration which will be always expensive and often unsatisfactory in its results. The opponents of the Government measure have at the last moment invented or disclosed the sitting tenant as their real client, though the agitation has for some years been ostensibly conducted for the benefit of the sufferer who leaves his farm. There can be but few instances in which the rent is raised by the landlord on the ground that the tenant has used lime, or chalk, or undissolved bones for the improvement of the land. If such a case occurs, the tenant can at once obtain redress by giving notice to quit. He will then become entitled to the value of his improvements as it will accrue to the incoming tenant, and he will also be in a condition to make a fresh bargain with the landlord. If a new-comer can afford to pay the enhanced rent in addition to the value of his predecessor's improvements, it follows that the sitting tenant would have experienced no injustice if he had retained his holding.

Lord GREY, in his expansion of Mr. AUBERON HERBERT'S argument, has no difficulty in showing that the Acts are unnecessary, and therefore to a certain extent unobjectionable. The good and harm which they will immediately effect may perhaps be approximately balanced; and there remains a vicious precedent for further Parliamentary interference with private property and freedom of action. Mr. G. RUSSELL and other young proselytes to semi-communistic doctrines eagerly condemn the old-fashioned theories of political economy, which assume that the management by every man of his own affairs best promotes the material welfare of the whole community. The modern school of Radicals prefers paternal solicitude on the part of the Legislature for the supposed interests of the multitude, and especially of voters. Mr. BARCLAY and Mr. HOWARD profess to concern themselves with the increase of agricultural produce, although they really discourage the application of capital to the land. Their predecessors in doctrine in the fourteenth century passed many statutes for the limitation of wages, probably on the pretext that it would otherwise be impossible to cultivate the land cheaply and profitably. It is no more the business of Parliament to meddle with the production of home-grown wheat than with the wages of agricultural labourers or the importation of cotton. The experience of 1870 and 1881 fully justifies Lord GREY'S apprehension that the Radicals of the future will discern in the Agricultural Holdings Bill the germ of confiscation; but the practical reasons for accepting a moderate measure preponderate over possible risks. If the agitation is revived ten years hence, the present promoters will perhaps be found on the side of justice and proprietary right. They will also, if they are still obstinate in their desire to plunder the landowners, have become powerless to determine county elections. The Government which in 1880 partially paid the farmers for their recent votes by the Ground Game Bill now offers them another instalment. After the extension of the franchise their political support will be worth little, and they may be well assured that Liberal leaders will give them nothing without valuable consideration.

The reception of a comparatively reasonable measure may perhaps convince Ministers that the moderate section of their followers may sometimes be worth conciliating. The tone of discussion has recently improved, since it has appeared that Liberal politicians might respect the rights of property without the risk of rupture with their leaders. Within the last week many writers have for the first time ventured publicly to recognize the notorious fact that agri-

cultural improvements are in the great majority of instances effected by landlords. It follows that, in discouraging the investment of capital in the soil, Parliament would inflict indefinite injury on the interest which it is clamorously invited to promote. There can be little doubt that much mischief has already been done; but if the present Bills are passed without material alteration, confidence may possibly revive. The farmers who have joined the Alliance in the hope of obtaining a share in their landlords' property may perhaps begin to observe the growing disposition of wealthy owners to cultivate their own soil without the intervention of middlemen. They must also have often suffered inconvenience through the unwillingness of their intended victims to expend capital on improvements while their prospects of exemption from interference are still doubtful. Their hesitating supporters now begin to desert them. Some of them at last announce that divided ownership in the form of tenant-right is the worst possible arrangement for the interests of all parties.

THE ARMY.

IT is doubtful whether even the present Parliament has anything more completely unsatisfactory to show than the two recent debates on the army. The discussion in the House of Commons proved that the army is in a very bad state, and that the Ministers have been forced to recognize the fact and take measures to remedy the mischief. The discussion in the Lords showed that the Reserves are in quite as bad a condition as the line. We have been forced to lower the standard of age, of height, and of chest measurement in order to get men at all. After throwing open the army to weedy boys of seventeen, it is still several thousands short of its complement. And at the very moment when it has reached this state of weakness the short-service system is just beginning to come into work. A very great percentage of the few full-grown and seasoned men in the ranks have reached the end of their active service. The first Reserve has been of very slow growth. It has been checked and stopped again and again. Meanwhile, the Militia also is below its proper strength. It is little more than half drilled; and the other so-called Reserve—the Volunteers—is left to get along by itself, and according to the degree of zeal and intelligence of the officers and men of the different regiments. The MINISTER OF WAR and other official persons endeavoured to minimize the facts as much as possible, after the manner of official speakers; but they confessed, in the most effectual way possible, that things are at least nearly as bad as the severest of army critics represents them to be. Something is to be done to induce soldiers to stay in the ranks when the period fixed for their service with the colours is over according to the law as it now stands. The evils which have called forth this measure of precaution are, however, of less importance than the way in which they have been discussed in Parliament, and the spirit in which the Ministry proposes to deal with them. The attitude of the members of both Lords and Commons was one of puzzled helplessness in the presence of an unmanageable difficulty. The Ministry has nothing better to propose than another application of a temporary remedy—more subdivisions of classes in the ranks—and, still further, small payments to be disbursed just for this once.

The expedient which Lord HARTINGTON has resolved to adopt to save the British army from melting away any more, at least for a month or two, has become familiar enough of late. It simply consists in calling on the Reserve to do the work of the line. Soldiers who are near the end of their service with the colours are to be allowed to re-enlist. They are even to be tempted by the offer of a bounty of two pounds. No amount of Ministerial ingenuity can disguise the fact that this is virtually a surrender of the whole principle of short service. Lord HARTINGTON insists that it is only a temporary measure, and will be persevered in only if it is not found to weaken the Reserve; but statements of that kind are mere commonplaces in the mouths of Ministers who have to reconcile their policy to the principles by which it is supposed to be governed. Even of late, though a fair proportion of long-service men were still with the colours, it has been found impossible to fit out a comparatively small military expedition without drawing on the Reserves. Sir W. BARTHELOTT showed that we could not put seventeen thousand men on a field of

battle in Egypt without calling out eleven thousand of the men who were to have been kept for great emergencies. Quibbling attempts have been made to disprove his assertion; but the fact remains that, but for the help of the Reserves, the expedition could never have been carried out. Now we have gone one step further. Without drawing on the Reserve we cannot even keep the army at its proper strength in time of peace. We have hastened to recede from our ill-advised attempt to secure grown men for the ranks, and are again ready to take boys who even look eighteen years of age; but the increase in the number of recruits which may follow the lowering of the standard will not either now or later give us more seasoned men to do the work of the army. Lord HARTINGTON's assurances that the permission given to time-expired men to re-enlist is merely temporary can have only one effect. It may serve to make the very class of men our War Office is most anxious to attract more unwilling than ever to enter the army. The soldier, like other men, likes to feel his position sure, to be able to calculate on the future, and to know on what he has to rely. Lord HARTINGTON tells him plainly that he shall have nothing to rely on at all. He shall depend entirely on the judgment of the Secretary of State for War as to the most fitting thing to be done for the moment. He may be allowed to make the army a career, but he may also find himself turned adrift at a moment's notice. The War Office, in fact, acts as if it were armed with the power to level a conscription, and was not a mere employer of labour. It shows a complete disregard for the feelings and interests of the men it wishes to hire. Under the old system the terms offered to the soldier were far from magnificent, but it was at least known what they were, and a class was found ready to accept them. Now the War Office will bind itself to nothing.

It is impossible to suppose that Lord HARTINGTON's little expedient for tiding over the immediate difficulty will do more than very temporary service. The ranks of the army may be filled again for a moment, or at least be kept from becoming quite empty; but we shall almost certainly find that it will be at the expense of the Reserve. The second evil will be almost as great as the first. It is undoubtedly true that at a given moment it is above all things necessary to keep the men with the colours; but a reserve is of such vital importance to a modern army that it cannot be dispensed with. Unless the country is smitten with judicial madness, it will have to face the problem of supplying itself with both a good army and a good reserve before long. The solution is perfectly simple and has been already given. The country has only to pay its soldiers highly enough, and it will get as many men of a good class as it needs. Under the system of long service the pay was lower than it is now, but fewer men were needed, and the soldier knew that, if he did not get much, he might get it for life. The British army of those days depended largely on the men who loved soldiering for its own sake. From the moment that we decided to adopt the German system of short service and a reserve, we altered all the conditions on which our forces were raised. We must now make the service attractive enough to persuade a large number of young men to pass several years in the ranks. And those men must belong to a better class than the recruits of late years. In the days before the Franco-Prussian War frightened us into reforming the army—as the process was styled—we could afford to take a very rough class of men. The traditions of the old army were still strong, the prestige of the non-commissioned officer was greater, the regimental feeling more powerful than it is to-day. Now everything has been done to weaken discipline, and we can no longer work with the same material. There is only one way to do that, as the Duke of CAMBRIDGE has often pointed out. It is purely a question of money. Even that munificent sum, the thirty-six pounds of deferred pay, is not found to serve as a bait to anybody over eighteen. More must be given, and it must not be deferred, unless the country is to see its army filled by poor creatures of about five feet high and thirty-two inches round the chest. But, although the remedy is so obvious, it by no means follows that it will be applied, or even seriously entertained. It is bred in the bone of English Ministers to think first of the cost of the army, and not of its efficiency. Wasting sixteen millions a year on a force which is in a thoroughly unsatisfactory state always seems less terrible than the outlay of another five hundred

thousand to put it on a proper footing. A really thorough and rational scheme of military organization will never be carried out till the country is made to realize that its present state is a terrible national danger and a disgrace. The more the facts are insisted on by competent critics in Parliament and out of it, the more likely the country is to see the truth before it is forced on its attention by some disaster.

THE FRENCH MAGISTRACY BILL.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has at last passed a Magistracy Bill. The new measure belongs to a type of legislation which has of late been much in favour among Republicans. It is professedly a compromise between two extremes—the extreme which would let things alone and the extreme which would make the judges elective. The former is the view taken by the Right and by a very small section of Moderate Republicans. The Right naturally thinks that the fault commonly found with the existing magistracy is really a merit. The older judges are said to be hostile to the Republic; and, in the eyes of the Right, to be hostile to the Republic is to be a friend of virtue and religion. The moderate Republicans admit that, if this hostility to the Republic were common among the judges, it might be necessary to take precautions against it. But, now that the Republic is fairly in the saddle, every year lessens the number of judges who owe their appointment to reactionary Governments and adds to the number of those that have been appointed by Republican Governments. Why should not this natural process be suffered to work itself out? For five complete years, at all events, only men of the right sort have been admitted into the magistracy; and the proportion of good judges to bad increases every day. If, when things were at their worst, the Republic managed to hold its own, there can be no need to make a change now that opposition to the Republic, except in word, has wholly died out. The Extreme Left take a different view of the judicial office. The arguments commonly urged against making it elective constitute, in their opinion, the most convincing reason in favour of the proposal. The more exactly the judicial bench reproduces the feelings of the public, the better for the administration of justice; and nothing can so well secure this conformity as the subjection of every judge to the test of a popular vote. If he is a candidate for the first time, the electors will be guided by his professional antecedents and by the soundness of his political creed. If he has been a judge already, they will have already had experience of him in office. The Chamber of Deputies, having already decided in favour of the principle of election, had to be brought to eat its words; and the Government have done their best to make recantation easy. The great advantage of election, in the opinion of those who supported it, was that it would make short work of the existing judges. If election is necessary to give them a valid title to their posts, it is plain that they must all submit to it. At this point the Government came forward with the scheme which has just been accepted by the Chamber. The perilous notion of election is avoided, and the judges in the future, as in the past, will be nominated by the Executive Government. But the Executive Government, instead of filling up chance vacancies merely, will go over the whole judicial body, and get rid of every magistrate whom it has any cause to distrust. For three months every judge may be pensioned off by the Keeper of the Seals, and a new judge be appointed in his room. After this who will venture to say that the judges are not friendly to the Republic? If any of them escape dismissal, it will be because their Republican virtue is so approved that they would now be appointed if their places were vacant.

The Extreme Left have a very simple answer to make to this reasoning. It comes in effect to this, that the reconstituted magistracy will represent a Republic, but not their Republic. An Opportunist Keeper of the Seals will no doubt take care that none but Opportunist judges survive the purifying process that is about to begin. But an Opportunist judiciary is precisely what the Extreme Left least want. According to their theory the present Administration represents, not the country, but the Chamber, and between the country and the Chamber there is no real identity. What the Bill does, therefore, is to create a body of judges which will be in harmony,

not with the electorate, but with the representatives who have betrayed the electorate. Apparently the Extreme Left have not sufficiently studied that part of the Bill which provides for the removal of judges in the future by the aid of a Disciplinary Council.

If their professed confidence in the result of the next general election is well founded, future judges without any further legislation will be quite as much at the mercy of a Keeper of the Seals belonging to the Extreme Left as present judges are at the mercy of M. MARTIN-FEUILLE. Then the millennium foretold by one of the speakers in the recent debate will be realized, and those who go to church will no longer sit in judgment on those who stay away. It wants nothing but a Legislature of the right sort, and every judge who is caught at Mass will at once be deprived of his office. It is true the Executive will not, when once the three months are over, be able to dismiss judges at its pleasure. But it will have all the powers it can desire in this way, if it can but bring the Disciplinary Council round to its views. This is not a process which will be attended with any difficulty. Of the fifteen members who will compose the Disciplinary Council, five will be elected by the Senate and five by the Chamber of Deputies; and as both these bodies are returned, immediately or ultimately, by universal suffrage, the Disciplinary Council and the Cabinet will, in the great majority of cases, be of one mind to begin with. If the Extreme Left are really as much opposed to this Bill as they profess to be, it must be because they have exaggerated their certainty that the next election will return a majority of Radical candidates.

It is not impossible that some of the deputies who voted for this extraordinary Bill did so in the belief that the Senate will reject it, and that in this way no serious harm will come of voting with their party. That the Bill will not become law during the present Session is probable enough. The Senate seldom considers measures of this importance in the Session in which they are passed by the Chamber, and it is not likely to make the Magistracy Bill an exception to this rule. But it is at least equally probable—unless there is a change of Ministry in the interval—that the Bill will be passed some time in the next Session. The Senate is not likely to provoke a quarrel with the Chamber if the Chamber and the Government alike show themselves in earnest; nor have the majorities in favour of the Bill been small enough to furnish an obvious justification for sending it back for further consideration. In the natural course of things, therefore, the judges will, in the course of another year, be placed at the mercy of the Government, and the main security for judicial independence will have disappeared. There may be ways in which improper influence can be brought to bear upon irremovable judges, but removable judges will be exposed to improper influence without any protection at all. During three months the Keeper of the Seals, and, when the three months are over, a Disciplinary Council, which will be the Keeper of the Seals under another name, will be able to dismiss any magistrate who may have made himself obnoxious to the Government. There is not much chance that a power of this kind will grow rusty for want of use. A second Conservative institution is thus being shattered under the plea of duty to the Republic, and it becomes an interesting question how long it will be before the French nation begins to inquire what manner of Republic it is that stands in constant need of such sacrifices. Frenchmen may perhaps have been undergoing an unnoticed change, and the Conservative influences of property may be losing their force. But, except on this hypothesis—in itself so strangely improbable—a Republic which attacks the Church and the magistracy at once is not a Republic calculated to command public confidence. If these two institutions stood alone, perhaps the nation might suffer them to go. But no former revolution has stopped short at the Church and the magistracy, and there is enough of Socialism abroad to suggest a doubt whether, in this respect, the next catastrophe will be less comprehensive than its predecessors.

SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

IT might be expected by inexperienced people that when Parliament settles down to serious work after Whitsuntide with the certainty of no more holidays until it pleases the PRIME MINISTER to set it free, extra-Parliamentary speaking would cease. But the apparent craving of

men of all kinds to be spoken to, and the habit of holding dinners and meetings even more thickly in June than at any other time, disappoints this expectation. During the present week Sir JOHN LUBBOCK—a very odd man for the place—has presided at the packed meeting which Mr. FIRTH and his friends got up to simulate indignation over the withdrawal of the Municipality Bill, and to show that by great exertions about one Londoner in four or five thousand can be induced to look as if he cared about it. If Sir JOHN LUBBOCK could have expressed his real sentiments when Mr. FIRTH accused the Corporation of forgery, they would probably have taken exactly the same form as TALLEYRAND's in a recently published anecdote, "Ah! mon Dieu! dans 'celle jolie compagnie je me trouve.'" But every allowance must be made for Mr. FIRTH. When a person possessing neither manners nor ability imagines that a complaisant Government has consented to give him importance and finds that it has not, he is apt to exhibit the double deficiency. After all it is not certain that Mr. FIRTH has not had a lucky escape. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, if he had actually introduced the Bill, is quite capable of going out of his way to show that Mr. FIRTH had nothing to do with the matter.

In comparison with this exhibition and with another of a somewhat similar kind at Southwark, the opposition have certainly no reason to feel dissatisfied with the speeches at the Middlesex Conservative Association on Wednesday. Of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's speech at Chatham, far as it was above the level of Mr. FIRTH and Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, it is not easy to speak with unqualified approval. The member for Woodstock was happy enough in dealing with the charge of obstruction, but he was not equally happy about Egypt or about the army. To talk of reduction in English army expenditure is to talk something very like nonsense. It is quite certain that more value might be got out of the present expenditure, but it is equally certain that the utmost that can be got out of the present expenditure is not too much for the safety, the honour, and last, but not least, the pecuniary interests of the country. As to Egypt, again, to talk about "taking it altogether" or leaving it altogether is scarcely sensible or patriotic. If England were to leave Egypt, Lord RANDOLPH knows perfectly well who would go there, and he knows equally well that after Mr. GLADSTONE's protestations, it is impossible to "take it altogether," at any rate just yet. That may give a very good case for denouncing Mr. GLADSTONE's protestations; but such denunciation can be managed without perilling the interests of the country. The speakers at Willis's Rooms went on safer lines. Lord LYTON, in his usual ornate fashion, Mr. PLUNKET and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, in simpler but not less effective style, put each and all very effectively what may be suspected to be a question likely to attract more and more attention every week and every day for some time to come. How is it that a Government of undoubted individual talent, coming into office with a huge majority, backed by an actually considerable wave of popular sentiment, which seemed even more considerable than it was, and furnished with one of the most magnificent of programmes, has succeeded in doing next to nothing that it intended to do, and in blundering and failing continually in what it has attempted, its one or two successful, or partly successful, acts being taken in principle, if not bodily from its rivals' book? There is no doubt that Lord LYTON and Mr. PLUNKET gave part of the true answer in saying that the failures of the Ministry are due to an obstinate refusal to acknowledge facts and the modifications which facts impose on party crotchet. Nor is there any doubt that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is equally right in indicating as a cause of Liberal weakness the fact that the supposed unity and determination of the party at the last election were in reality unity and determination in a negative purpose only. Mr. GLADSTONE and his assistants succeeded in working up the country to get rid of Lord BEACONSFIELD, and then the charm failed. They could break a stone, but they could not make a stone; and, having no real community of positive purpose, they have been wandering aimlessly ever since. At the present moment the only plausible plan put forward on the Liberal side is not that some common object should be found for Whigs, Liberals, and Radicals, but that Whigs and Liberals should agree in a self-denying ordinance, give up all their own ideals, and submit to be Radical and nothing else. Until the whole party has been once more unified in this simple and singular

fashion nothing "great" can be done, and therefore the Government is contented to decline responsibility wherever it is possible, to lift up its voice and complain of the wicked obstructive Tories, to drop a colleague here and a measure there, and to be desperately busy about Bankruptcy Bills and Courts of Criminal Appeal. Both Bankruptcy Bills and Courts of Criminal Appeal may, if properly managed, be very good things. But they might have been carried without the tremendous, and to the country far from harmless, agitation of 1880, and they are certainly but small matters for a Ministry of all the Talents and all the Virtues coming in with a majority of something like three to two, and with a programme promising something like new heavens and a new earth. The reason of the contrast is likely sooner or later to become apparent to not a few voters of the much exaggerated majority of 1880. It is simply this—that the present Government, though possessing no doubt ability enough to do anything else under the sun, does not know how to govern.

But among the most remarkable speeches of the week, or speeches reported during it, there is one which has not yet been noticed, and which not only has reference to Ireland, but was delivered in that country. Ireland (and all men but the Irish agitators may be thankful for it) has not required much comment for some weeks past. The POPE's Circular has elicited much noisy bluster, but the effect which was confidently predicted from it—the "doubling of the PARNELL subscription list"—has conspicuously failed to follow. Messrs. HEALY, DAVITT, and QUINN have been let out of gaol without much attention being paid, even in Ireland, to the question whether they are in or out, and the discoveries which have been made with reference to the dynamite plots appear for the time to have discouraged American devisers of crime. But Archbishop CROKE is still voiceful, and one utterance of Archbishop CROKE's cannot be passed without notice. Archbishop CROKE is reported to have told some of Mr. ERRINGTON's tenants that he attended to principles, leaving the application of them to others. The fact is not new, but it is formulated in a memorable fashion; and, if the formula comes to the knowledge of Pope LEO XIII., it will hardly dispose him to repent his recent action. It is absolutely true that Archbishop CROKE has left the application of his principles to others, and it is as true that others have not been wanting to apply them. The application of the principles of this Christian prelate has been written legibly, if not fairly enough, on the turf of the Phoenix, in the country road where patriotic and doubtless pious Irishmen went purposely wetshod in Lord MOUNTMORRES's blood, on the streets of Dublin, and in scores of other places throughout Ireland. The application of Archbishop CROKE's principles might have been seen the other day on the front of the offices in Charles Street and in a more harmless shape in the appropriately cruciform trench which Mr. WHITEHEAD's frustrated dynamite ploughed up in the Woolwich marshes. The widows who in more than one case have had to take their orphan children to foreign countries because the practical appliers of the ARCHBISHOP's principles, not content with killing their husbands, have made their own lives a burden to them, can tell their new neighbours how Dr. CROKE's texts are "improved," and the stones in a dozen cemeteries lie ready to corroborate the testimony. These are the uses (to employ another theological term) of Archbishop CROKE's doctrine, the praxis of his theory, the application in his own words of his principles. It is quite certain that he has himself stopped short of that application; but he may be thanked for reminding his hearers of it. Nor is it altogether to be wondered at that an honest man and a good Christian, as all admit LEO XIII. to be, has entertained doubts of the principles which lead to this kind of application, even if it be worked out by other than archiepiscopal hands.

THE GREAT BACKBONE.

THE Bishop of PETERBOROUGH is a remarkable man, but he never performed a more remarkable feat than when he lashed up that "windless and crystalline pool," the House of Lords, into yeasty waves by selecting a harmless Bill intended to grease the wheels of the Cathedral Commission's chariot, and brought in by the Bishop of

CARLISLE, as the peg on which to hang a passionate denunciation of the ills which the Church was suffering from its Parliamentary relation to the State. The artistic effect was of a very high order, the grouping picturesque, the colours well contrasted, the attitudes lifelike. All that this speech wanted was aptness to the circumstances under which it was delivered. The truth of much of the BISHOP's bill of indictment was not to be denied, and the inference that the less the Church gratuitously seeks Parliamentary favours the better will it be for its peace and prosperity, was irresistible. Yet the warning was cautionary rather than prohibitive, for it was delivered in the interests of the continuance of Church and State, while the arraignment of public men which it invoked was based on their doing less than justice to the largest and most meritorious section of the community. The Dissenting minority was clamorous and worldly wise, and so it was proclaimed to be "the great backbone of the Liberal party." The Church majority was great, and the aims after which it sought were of a spiritual kind, and so no one cared to give it its place in the anatomy of the body corporate, in back or any other bone. Carried to its logical conclusion the protest would land us in PIUS IX.'s prohibitive "Ne eletti ne ellettori"; but as certainly the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH is the last man to advocate so suicidal a policy for the Church which he desires to leave a principal factor in the public polity.

There was no doubt much truth in the BISHOP's declaration that the Church of England in Parliament, and especially in the House of Commons, is politically weak, for a reason which is highly creditable to her—namely, because she is politically neutral. But this is not the whole truth, for this apparent weakness is much due to the perverse ill-judgment of Churchmen, who persist in hurrying the Church before Parliament just upon the questions on which its members are not agreed among themselves. Where the Church can speak with a unanimous voice—as we believe, with some trifling exceptions, among whom we cannot really include the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, it would upon the Cathedral Statutes Bill—it would show itself even in the present Parliament as more powerful than it is the fashion to assume. After all, Dr. MAGEE's sinister anticipations must be examined in the light of his more courageous conclusion. "The force that moves nations" "in the end and in the long run is the spiritual force, and" "in the end and in the long run the spiritual force will" "prevail over any number of political clubs" into which political Dissenters have transformed themselves. It must be added that the Parliamentary births for which the BISHOP anticipates so short and so unhappy an existence will not be the good old-fashioned Bills of our forefathers, but the puny "schemes" of these latter days. Let him take courage from the distinction. Bills, like boys, have their allotted period of picturesque suffering. One creature goes into Committee and the other to school, and the results to the respective victims are remarkably similar. But the Scheme, if it is fortunate, receives the contemptuous indulgence of existence; while, supposing that its persistence in the world happens to be inconvenient, it is quickly and quietly knocked on the head with a single blow.

When Mr. GLADSTONE at the crisis of the election of 1880 declared of the Dissenters that they were the Great Backbone of the Liberal party, there were deep searchings of heart as to the meaning of the unexpected compliment, and as to the object of its author in coining the phrase. Mr. GLADSTONE himself was known in his personal character to be a more than usually zealous Churchman, while the declaration was made at an election speech in Marylebone, in favour of Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS, conspicuous for sour Protestantism and a burning zeal for matrimonial free-trade. Yet the obvious inference that, in an access of penitential self-abasement, the future Prime Minister confessed that he was himself no better than a broken rib adhering to the powerful dorsal column could hardly be accepted. It was, at all events, certain that the compliment wrapped up an appeal to the Liberationists, as Liberals, to hold their hand for the present on their favourite policy of disestablishment—an appeal somewhat akin, cynics hinted, to the famous advice not to put the gentleman under the pump. Anyhow, the words had the incontestable political value of combining a loud sound with a feeble meaning, unless as interpreted in the one sense which their author has declined to put upon them. They seemed to be thrown out, less to guide the actual, than in view of a future

general election, and that election, when it comes, will be fought on very different issues from what could have been anticipated by men to whom Mr. BRADLAUGH was a musical lecturer and Alexandria a far-off seaport.

On the very evening upon which the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH denounced the forms of the House of Commons as altogether fatal to reasonable expectations of the Church in regard to Parliamentary help, the beneficent action of the protective rules administered merited discouragement to two Bills rashly propounded by shortsighted friends of the Church, pre-eminent for the crudeness of their conception and the far-reaching mischief of their provisions—the Churchwardens' Admission Bill and the Union of Benefices Bill. The accident was logical which grouped the abolition of churchwardens and the abolition of churches. But the summary suppression of both counsels of destructiveness showed that counts and blocks do not merely exist for the confusion of righteous progress.

It was, of course, very immaterial for the BISHOP's philippic that the bogies which he conjured up were mainly scooped turnips and tallow dips, and the snares of which he gave warning mere straw wisps. He was, no doubt, right in contending that such a measure as that under discussion ought to have been introduced and pushed by the responsible Government. But, if the Government accords to it substantial help, we should not insist too much upon the complaint. His other leading grievance was not so well founded. The relation of Acts of Parliament to cathedral legislation is an old story. One famous cathedral, we believe, is maintaining an attitude of conservative passiveness, and resisting the interference of the Cathedral Commission on the plea of possessing powers conferred by some private Act of Parliament passed in the frolic days of GEORGE III.'s youth, of which no copy exists within the library of the House of Commons. The pathos of the Royal Prerogative being superseded to make room for a mere Committee of Council is of the transportine order; for certainly since 1688, at all events, the Sovereign has never acted in a quasi-legislative or judicial capacity, except as advised by somebody; and for a Churchman to contend that a Committee composed of high dignitaries, bound by the Privy Councillor's oath, all of whom must be Churchmen, is a worse body to advise the Crown than the Prime Minister of a casual Parliamentary majority, perhaps returned under Great Backbone influence, is indeed to ride a hobby very hard. Let it be further recollected that the Bill contains careful precautions for reserving both the initiative and the acceptance of future reforms not to the Committee but to the Chapters themselves; and the groundlessness of the apprehensions of which the BISHOP made himself the month-piece will be apparent.

The ridicule which the BISHOP cast upon the proposed Diocesan Chapters, intended as they are to unite cathedral and picked diocesan clergy in a select ecclesiastical Senate, because it was tentatively suggested that under certain circumstances a clerical master of a Cathedral school might become a single permissive member of such numerous body, was funnily conceived; but joking which sits gracefully on Sir WILFRID or Mr. LABOUCHERE was not the treatment of a well-weighed and serious suggestion of formal administrative activity which might have been expected from a prelate of Bishop MAGEE's position and acquirements.

We do not say that the Cathedral Statutes Bill may not be shipwrecked in the House of Commons, and that its collapse may not be partially due to its stepfatherly reception by the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH. But at all events the Cathedral Commission will not have sat in vain if it succeeds in embodying the wants of genuine and friendly Capitalist reformers. It may fail in formal legislation, but it will have been powerful in creating that influence which is increasingly the substitute upon delicate matters for definite enactment. Its reports for the present may be literature, but they will be the foundations for future enactment. If the Commission had done no more than to publish the thoughtful and elaborate ideal of a Cathedral constitution contained in the statutes which the present Archbishop of CANTERBURY gave to his own creation at Truro, it would not have existed in vain.

AJACCIO.

THOSE who year after year are sentenced by their physicians to spend the winter months on the shores of the Mediterranean have scarcely returned for the summer to England before they begin to form plans for the next cold season. Some, indeed, always return to the same haunts, and take as ardent an interest in the welfare and reputation of their chosen seat as if they were its patron saint. They are not content with merely sounding its fame. They must make it still greater by running down its rivals. Thus the frequenters of Cannes can never listen with patience to the praises of Mentone. There is no freshness about it, they say. It is far too much shut in, and the air is close. It is doubtless a good enough place for dying in; but for living you must go to Cannes. Mentone is not slow to reply. Freshness is certainly good, but the freshness that comes in a mistral is hateful; and from bad mistrals Cannes is by no means free. This year gave a fresh point to its sarcasm. At Cannes the snow lay deep, while at Mentone, its favourers maintained, doubtless with some exaggeration, there was no snow seen but that which Cannes had sent them on the top of the railway-carriages. San Remo is as jealous as any of the other towns. We lately ventured to assert there at the table-d'hôte that the winter, severe though it had generally been on the Mediterranean, had not been so severe in Ajaccio as in many other places. A gentleman who sat opposite at once took this up as an affront. Whenever, he said, they had been able from San Remo to catch a glimpse of the distant mountains of Corsica, they had always seen their tops covered with cloud. Moreover one of his friends had gone over to Ajaccio, but had come back at the end of a week disgusted with the weather. We did not retaliate. We did not tell him, as we might justly have done, that, though the hotel in which we were then staying was a very fine one, yet the water in which we had just washed for dinner showed by its smell that it came from a spring contaminated by sewage. We kept silence, and we kept it without its being a pain and grief to us. We were not advocates of one town or another, but impartial travellers. We were moving leisurely along the Riviera, seeing where most pleasantly we can find shelter when the days have once more grown short and the swallows have taken their autumn flight southwards. We had spent the winter happily enough in Ajaccio, but we had by no means made up our minds to return. A change, if it is not for the worse, is in itself agreeable, and that town, we well knew, had its drawbacks. Notre Dame de Bon Secours has, we were assured, taken it under her special favour. To her, propitiated as she was only last April by a grand procession through the streets, we may leave the defence of its good name. We feel that we are capable of judging it with impartiality.

To most people perhaps the greatest drawback to Ajaccio as a place of winter-resort is the sea-passage. It is not every one who will of his own choice spend fifteen or sixteen hours in a steamboat. The Mediterranean is often very smooth, but often too it is swept by furious storms. Two of the boats last winter were during one tempest at least forty-eight hours behind their time. The letters which we should have received on Saturday morning were not delivered till the following Monday. The passengers had a dismal tale to tell. The powerful steamers of the Compagnie Transatlantique were never so much delayed as this. They for the most part kept their time. They were only once, if we remember rightly, so much as eight hours late. But then they run only one day in every week. There is far more difficulty in leaving the island than in getting to it; for outgoing passengers generally sail by the steamers that call on their way to Marseilles from Africa. These boats are timed to arrive early in the night; but they are often late. The traveller has to await in his hotel the signal given by their whistles of their arrival, and to make his start likely enough in the small hours of the morning. The difficulties and uncertainty of the sea-service are not unlikely to make any one who is in delicate health trouble himself at times with the thought that he is wisely cut off from those whom he has left at home. When on his way back he has set foot on the mainland, England seems to him to be quite close. A great change will be made for the better when the railroad between Ajaccio and Bastia is at length opened. Travellers will then be able to come by Leghorn, and will have a sea-crossing of not more than six or seven hours. But some years must yet pass before this route is opened. A considerable portion of the line might have been in full use long before this, for nothing is wanting but the rails. But so far are the French engineers from throwing open to the public the railway piecemeal, that they do not even make use of it themselves in the course of construction. Teams of cruelly-driven mules are seen dragging up the high road from the harbour to a height of nearly three thousand feet material which should have been drawn up by engines on the newly-formed line. Nowhere can even a temporary rail be seen.

If the sea has its drawbacks, there are some who maintain that it has its advantages. It acts as a kind of sieve for travellers, by which those of the more stupid sort are excluded. Any tourists who face the crossing in order to visit a small out-of-the-way town are likely, they say, to stand out in originality of character above the common but most respectable herd of the frequenters of the Riviera. Certainly in the small foreign colony that last season wintered at Ajaccio there was very pleasant society to be found. There is moreover little beyond a fine climate and beautiful scenery to attract those who do not carry with them their own sources of happiness. There are no amusements, no club, no

Monte Carlo. There is indeed a fine public library, kept in a room which would not disgrace an Oxford college. To use Johnson's words, it is a library in which one might prance. By an order from the Mayor we were enabled to take away to our hotel three or four volumes at a time. Though there is a great desire, if we may trust the Corsican newspapers, to attract visitors, yet but little is done. The town itself is somewhat uninteresting. There are two fine streets shaded by trees, but the side streets are mean and very dirty. Common decency is utterly neglected, and filth abounds. Yet the supply of water is as abundant as it is good. In many of the streets fountains are constantly running with a full stream. The road along the sea which, with the fine view that it commands, should be a delightful walk, is spoilt by neglect, dirt, and smells. The sewers are not carried out far enough to be covered by the water, while the beach below the sea-wall is made the common rubbish-heap. At no great distance from the spot where the town with its contaminations ends, where the newly-arrived traveller hopes that now at last he can enjoy to the full so fair a scene, he is suddenly struck by a melancholy sight. The living, it is true, have ceased to worry him, but he finds himself among the dead. Not only does the ugly glaring wall of the cemetery run along the coast; worse than this, the tombs of the wealthier Corsicans, so big that they look like small chapels, are for a long distance scattered on the hill-side just above the road. Where at Cannes or at Mentone there would be a succession of villas and hotels, here there is nothing but these gloomy houses of the dead. The Corsicans seem to have scarcely any sense of beauty. The outsides of their houses are often as mean-looking as the insides are dirty. There are no roses that entwine the porch, no porches indeed for the roses to entwine, no flowers that "are sacred to the poor." Up the tower of the pretty English church the convolvulus had climbed till its deep-blue flowers had almost gained the weathercock. The little garden in front, even in the middle of winter, was beautiful with flowers. But, if the townspeople as they passed stopped to admire, they never went so far as to imitate. They do nothing that shows a fondness for their home. If they love it, they keep their love to themselves. The dark colours of their clothes certainly do not tend to lighten the scene. It is said that they wear mourning for their nearest relations for seven years. We can easily believe it; for, to judge by the sadness of their garb, they are a race of mourners. They have little animation in their looks, nor do they by singing as they work or as they walk show that "the joys of mere living" are stirring in them. Their voices, when they get eager, are shrill and piercing. The chief plagues of the place are perhaps the boys and the dogs. There are, we should fancy, more dogs than owners. The poor animals are inoffensive enough during the day, and are only too happy to pass by without receiving a blow from a stick or a stone. But at night they often roam the streets, and keep up a dreadful barking. The police, if there are any, pay no more heed to their din than did the watchmen in Dogberry's time to children crying in the night. The boys are doubly annoying. In the first place, they are great stone-throwers, and in the roads pelt each other, or birds, or dogs, or cats without giving a thought to those who may be passing by. They are, we suppose, well within their rights, for they are no more meddled with by the police than the dogs. Besides this, they are very troublesome as beggars. They have been spoilt by visitors, as children are everywhere spoilt where visitors abound. They pick up sous by whining for them, and when they have got them, however young they may be, they hurry off and buy cigarettes. It is an ill return to a place that has restored health and given happiness thus to corrupt its young people. It is a kind of charity that should not only begin, but should also stay, at home.

In spite of children, dogs, dirt, squalidness, sewers, and tombs, Ajaccio has a charm about it that we know not where else to find. Its ordinary climate is delightful, with one drawback. However calm and warm the morning may be, towards noon a sea-breeze always rises. It blows for about three hours, during which the more delicate among the invalids are better in their rooms. When it falls they can come forth again and stay out to a later hour than they could on the Riviera. There is not that sudden change at sunset which is felt so strongly at Mentone. The scenery in its big features is most beautiful. In its details, owing to the nature of the granite soil and the want of rain, there is an absence of that minute but most attractive beauty which covers almost every spot in England. Nature in Corsica is often slow in hiding her bareness. Few scenes, however, can be finer than that on which our eyes rested day after day, as we paced the balcony of our hotel. We looked to the south across a bay in many ways not unlike a Scotch loch, but its waters were of a deeper blue, and of a deeper blue was the sky above them than is ever seen on our northern coasts. From the shore on the other side rose hills thickly covered in their lower slopes with olives, while behind them above their bare and rugged tops could be seen the westernmost end of the long range of snow mountains. To the east lay the little town bright in the afternoon sun, with the waters of the harbour seen at the end of the long tree-shaded street. To the west was a fine hill, running down towards the mouth of the bay. If Dr. Arnold, at Rugby, pleased himself with the thought that not a single hill lay between him and the Ural Mountains, so we liked to think that the next land westward was Spain. Even Africa seemed at no great distance, when we knew that the steamers that rounded the southern point of the bay had left its shores little more than twenty-four hours before. Delight-

ful as is the scenery, equally delightful is the ease with which the open country and the hill-side are reached. There are none of those dusty roads to travel, shut in on both sides by white walls, which in the crowded towns of the Riviera exhaust the strength of many a walker. In Ajaccio there is no dust, or next to none; for the soil, as we have said, is of granite and not of limestone. The hotels, moreover, are placed in the outskirts of the town. In fact, the one in which we stayed was the furthest to the west of all the houses. From its garden we passed at once to the hill-side. And what a hill side! In the lower part of it zig-zag paths had been carried up amidst fine shrubs and a great variety of flowers. Where the zig-zags ended a mountain path began which, dividing as it went, led in many a direction. Never have we seen fairer, or indeed more varied, views than those which we got from this delightful range of hills. It was indeed a pleasure to be able, the moment we left our hotel, to become one of Burns's "commoners of air," and to find nature's charms free alike to all. On the same hill-side a good road has been made that goes winding upwards with so gentle a rise that even those who are somewhat scant of breath choose it as one of their ordinary walks. Where they halt to take a rest they see lying below them the town and the harbour with the white sails of its small craft spread out in the bright sun. Across the blue waters a low brown hill rises that may well carry their thoughts back to Scotland, while in the distance the mighty Monte d'Oro stands out dazzling white beneath his winter covering of snow. Groves of almond trees laden with flower are at their feet, and the unceasing sound of the mason's hammer coming up from the suburbs show that Ajaccio is by no means a decaying city.

In the autumn or the spring, before the days have grown too short or when they have already lengthened, more than one most interesting trip can be taken. Indeed so varied and so beautiful is the scenery of Corsica that it might, like Switzerland, become a playground of Europe. Travellers are daunted, however, by the miserable accommodation which for the most part they meet with in the inns. Even where the fare is tolerably good likely enough the drainage is intolerably bad. Thus Bonifacio is in six or seven hours reached by a steamer that sails on Saturday and returns on Monday afternoon. But so dreadful is the stench of the hotel that the traveller is forced to take his meals and sleep on board the boat. Nevertheless here and there an inn may be found where a night can be passed with some degree of comfort, and where food can be eaten, if not greatly enjoyed. There is the little town of Cauro whence Boswell tells us that he had a fine view of Ajaccio and its environs, and where he was entertained with the sight of a Corsican dance that was truly savage. Most beautiful is the mountain scenery amidst which this village is perched. Beautiful is the mountain stream which foams along the deep valley far below. Here the traveller might well pass many a day. The inn, if somewhat rough, is clean and wholesome, and the cookery is sufficiently good. If there are any shortcomings, they are due to the ignorance of the landlady, not to any want of care for the comfort of her guests. There is that in her looks which at once touches all but the most careless. Never indeed have we seen a sadder face. Her eyes were laden with sorrow, and her form was bowed with grief. She said that in the last year she had lost her husband, her child, and her father-in-law. Tears came into her eyes as she spoke. She stood a moment gazing at us; then she raised each arm a little from the side, spread the palms outwards, and, bending her head, in a quiet voice uttered, as if half to herself, "Mais il faut se résigner." So saying she left the room to go on with her household cares. She soon returned bearing some dish, and no more troubled her guests with her sorrow. Few pleasanter spots could be found than this quiet village for the early autumn. In the month of October the vintage would be still going on, and the chestnut crop would be gathering. Here the traveller who had fled from the beginning of the English winter might stay perhaps for weeks, till at length the cold drove him down to Ajaccio, with its face turned towards the Southern sun and its back so well sheltered by our favourite range of hills from the winds that come from the North and the East.

THE TALE OF TROY.

CONSIDERING the novelty and difficulty of the experiment, the representation of *The Tale of Troy* at Cromwell House must be considered a great success. Money was wanted for King's College, and it occurred to Mr. Warr, the Professor of Greek in that place of learning, to construct a kind of drama out of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and to have the piece (if it should be styled a piece) acted at Lady Freahe's. The drama could not be called the legitimate drama, nor would it have been possible for any one unacquainted with Homer to make out any consecutive story from the various tableaux and "scenes." Yet the performance was admired by crowded audiences on four occasions, and every one seems to have been pleased, except one austere critic, who objects to "pasteboard pillars" and "property spears." As it was impossible to obtain the actual Pelian spear, and as no one but Achilles, according to Homer, could have wielded that weapon, while marble palaces are not easily erected on the private or public stage, most persons were content with the ordinary makeshifts of the theatre.

No doubt the chief attractions of *The Tale of Troy* lay in the beauty of the numerous nymphs and goddesses who revealed

themselves to mortals; in the arrangement of the tableaux; in the variety and agreeable colour of the dresses, and in the music and processions of singing women. No one could have expected an attempt to reproduce the attire and armour of the Homeric age. About dress in Homer's time we can only form vague conjectures, partly from the poet's descriptions, and partly from such relics of Phœnician and Assyrian art as are supposed to have been contemporary with his period. We may assume, for example, that Odysseus wore a chiton of some "shot" silk, "a shining doublet, as it were the skin of a dried onion, so smooth it was, and glistening as the sun." The doublet of Odysseus at the Phœnician court, in *The Tale of Troy*, was sufficiently "glistening," and Alcinous was attired in spangled magnificence. The "thick purple mantle, twofold," was also reproduced in an orthodox manner, and the rags of Odysseus in disguise were in contrast to his former splendour. But of course he did not "strip off his rags," as in the original, when he began to shoot the woovers with a bow that seemed by no means so powerful as the gift of Iphitus, son of Eurytus. The armour of Hector included a truly prodigious helmet, worthy of the Castle of Otranto, but his shining greaves and the splendour of his taslets (if we may so translate *μῆναι*) did somewhat suggest the glories of the modern circus. The attire of the heroines, nymphs, and goddesses was reproduced from ancient vases and gems. There were very many white costumes, perhaps the most pleasing of any, and plenty of those agreeable coloured silks which we owe to the barbarous art of the Japanese. "Far apart they dwell in the wash of the waves, the outermost of men," like the Phœnicians. As the ladies' dresses had been arranged by the best authorities—by Mr. Newton, Mr. Poynter, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Simonds, and other archaeologists and artists—it would be pedantic to criticize their accuracy. But we confess that we doubt whether we shall ever know precisely how the Greeks made their dresses and got them to stay on. Pins were obviously much in use, as may be learned from the story of the homicidal purpose to which the Athenian ladies once put their brooches. Of one thing there could be no doubt—the antique costumes were very brilliant and becoming. Considering the numerous elements that were mixed in the entertainment, the conflicting authorities of archaeology, art, music, and acting, and the recalcitrant nature of amateurs, it is really wonderful that such harmonious general effects were produced, and that the long diversion was worked through with such smoothness and rapidity. Some performances were given in English (Mr. Warr's translations from Homer), some in Greek; and ladies who did not know Greek took the chief speaking parts in the English exhibition. On the whole, perhaps, the Greek performances were the more popular, as even people who did not know the ancient language were willing to hear for once how the hexameters sounded. How they were really pronounced in Homer's time no mortal can say; we are only certain that they were not clipped and made unmusical and unmeaning after the modern Roman manner. As the stage was very deep and rather narrow, and as some of the amateurs did not speak sufficiently loudly, it was not always possible, even for a Homeric student, to know what was being said. But Priam, Penelope, the swift-footed Achilles (who in real life "Like the wind can fly, And leap proportionately high"), these, with Helen, Odysseus, Hecuba, Theano, and occasionally Andromache, were perfectly audible.

We may now, after giving due praise to the music (the singing was not always in tune), to the stage arrangements, the dresses, and the scene-painting, attempt a short account of the whole performance. The curtain (a very precious curtain) rose on a tableau called "The Pledge of Aphrodite," and arranged (after an ancient bas-relief, we think) by Sir Frederick Leighton. Helen is sitting in deep thought, while Pertho whispers in her ear, and Aphrodite draws aside the veil of the daughter of Zeus and shows her to Paris. There are many various versions of the first meeting of Paris and Helen, but probably Aphrodite used no other magic than the whispered voice of Pertho. The curtain fell on the tableau, and rose on a view of the Trojan plain, the sea, Imbros, and the sacred height of Ida as beheld from Hissarlik, for that site, and not Bunarbashi, was adopted in deference to Dr. Schliemann. A procession of women entered with a song, carrying the peplos to Athene. The goddess was not in her temple, but in the open air. A better *xoanon* might easily have been contrived, for it is improbable that the Trojans worshipped an object like a "dummy" in a milliner's shop. Of course the goddess was presumed to be one of the very ancient wooden images, but on this very important point the stage arrangements were not absolutely adequate. When the women of Troy had sung and the priestess had prayed, as in the Sixth Book of the Iliad, the *Teichoskopia* was introduced from the Third Book. Iris led Helen to Priam, and the beautiful familiar scene of the meeting on the walls was enacted. The Greek Helen played her part with much grace and sweetness, so that it was easy to see how the Trojan elders could forgive the cause of all their sorrows. The English Helen might also have "launched a thousand ships," but would, perhaps, have obtained even a greater success in the part of Helen's sister, not "less fair than she, fair Clytemnestra." *Exeunt omnes* except Hector. To him enter Andromache, with Nurse and Astyanax. The parting scene was acted, and the mournful familiar words were well spoken. Astyanax obtained a great popular success, and no one certainly acted more naturally than this amateur of three, especially in the later scene of the Dirge for Hector. Among the wailing women the child trotted about with the unconsciousness of his age, occasionally picking up a flower from the ground and laying it on the bier.

The second scene represented the Ilian plain by moonlight. Hermes encounters Priam and conducts him to the tent of Achilles. Hermes was a more Greek figure than most of the men, but we fear that it would be difficult to defend the costume of Priam. Now there are such abundant Assyrian authorities for the attire of this satrap "of the Assyrian empire," as Plato says, that a raiment more worthy of the actor and his fine-elocution might have been contrived. The third scene represented the interior of the hut of Achilles. Thetis and the Nereids entered "like clouds," and Thetis attempted to soothe her child, who is keeping the body of Hector unburied, and, but for the Gods' help, a spoil of birds. Achilles, accompanying himself on a very illustrious gilt harp, then sang an elegy for Achilles, adapted from a well-known Greek epigram. The entry of Priam and his conversation with Achilles, that chivalrous young savage, produced perhaps the most dramatic recitals. Achilles here played almost as well as when he took Cassandra's part in the *Agamemnon* at Oxford. The speeches, however, might have been shortened with advantage. The Fourth Scene, the mourning for Hector, was perhaps the most successful of all, and few things were finer than the force and refinement shown in the part of Hecuba, a lady by no means too refined in the later tragedies of Greece. Helen and Andromache also played admirably, and it would be difficult to overpraise the grace, amid her grief, of the daughter of the Swan. The scenes from the Iliad ended here with the burial of horse-taming Hector.

In the Odyssey the tableaux were more numerous than in the Iliad. First, we saw Odysseus in the palace of Circe, with her serving-women "born of the wells, and woods, and of the holy rivers that flow forward into the salt sea." The tableaux were arranged by Mr. Poynter, and were very beautiful, especially, perhaps, the last, in which Odysseus draws his sharp sword from his thigh, and leaps upon Circe, "but, with a great cry, she slipped away and clasped his knees." The Sirens were not quite so happily managed. There were seven or eight Sirens, and we certainly did not observe any skulls and bones among the flowers where these young ladies poured forth their honey-sweet song. The tableau of Ulysses in the dwelling of Calypso was remarked for the beauty of the central figure of "Calypso, that fair goddess." The first scene with words represented (Mr. Poynter was the artist) the beautiful archaic palace of Alcinous, which was admirable in the colouring of the pillars. The maidens of Nausicaa were playing ball, tossing it from hand to hand, like fielders waiting for the next man to come in. All this scene was altered from the Odyssey, and Nausicaa had therefore an impossibly difficult part to play, showing her affection for Odysseus very openly in the presence of the whole court. No admirer of the most beautiful and maidenly figure in ancient literature could be satisfied with the rôle thus thrust on the daughter of the wise Alcinous. The young ball-players formed very pretty groups, as did the spinning maidens with their distaffs in the palace of Penelope. Demodocus sang the lay of the Trojan horse, and we cannot speak too highly of the perfectly original manner in which Demodocus held his lyre, indifferent to the pedantic criticisms of mere archaeologists. The song of Ares and Aphrodite was judiciously omitted, in which Demodocus showed his usual sense and good taste.

We have already praised the spinning maidens in the scene of "The Return of Odysseus." The Swineherd was a picturesque homely figure. Odysseus had "made up" in rather too obvious fashion as an aged, aged man. He did not, however, escape the notice of Euryclia, whose make-up as a preternaturally old crone left nothing to be desired. Penelope was correctly classical in her attitude, and her dress and elocution were very careful; the elocution, perhaps, was almost too elaborate. The play ended with a tableau in which Odysseus dealt his shafts of doom among the craven woovers.

No one is so foolish as to imagine that an epic can be translated without loss of proportion into a drawing-room entertainment. But it is probable that a certain number of the visitors received so much pleasure from the performance at Lady Franks's that they will find time to renew their memories of Homer, or to make acquaintance for the first time with the immortal poet.

AGNOSTIC MORALITY.

IT is not much more than a twelvemonth since Professor Goldwin Smith—who, to say the least, is not generally credited with a very bigoted adherence to ecclesiastical orthodoxy—discussed in the *Contemporary Review* the probable future of "scientific morality." He did not commit himself to any positive predictions, but he showed plainly enough that hitherto popular morality had always rested on a religious basis, and that neither did experience supply any adequate ground for assuming that it would permanently survive the withdrawal of that basis, nor was there any substitute provided in modern scientific ethics for the old discarded foundation of faith the efficacy of which could safely be relied upon. His argument indeed, as we pointed out at the time, really proved a good deal more than this, but this was the least he set himself to establish. Miss Cobbe, who contributes a paper to the June number of the *Contemporary* on "Agnostic Morality," approaches the subject from a different side, partly in connexion with the late Mr. Darwin's teaching, partly with reference to what might almost be called a long wail of

Agnostic anguish inserted, under the signature of "Vernon Lee," in the previous number of that Review. But she is engaged on the same question as Mr. Goldwin Smith, and both writers, as far as they go, arrive at much the same conclusion. Of both it may be said that they imply more than they directly assert, and while neither of them assumes, and one would probably repudiate—in spite of her occasional adoption of Scriptural or theological language—any definite belief in revelation, their argument is in the main such as might be urged, and has been urged, with perfect propriety and consistency by a Christian apologist. Only he might be disposed to add that, when they had made good their contention as to the need of a religious basis for morality, they had in fact gone far towards establishing not merely the theistic, but the Christian basis of ethics. Miss Cobbe's present argument would in more than one place be strengthened by a distinct avowal of the Christian principle which underlies it. That she is a fervent, we might almost say a passionate, theist, whose belief in God is no mere abstract intellectual persuasion, but a genuine faith which deeply colours or rather moulds her whole conception of ethics and of life, no one who is at all familiar with her writings can possibly doubt. And her theism, whatever may be its precise grounds in her own mind, is a belief in the God of the Bible rather than in the more shadowy Deity of Kant, to whose philosophy she refers with approval. But on this aspect of the question we need not dwell further here, except to observe—what is obvious—that the argument of writers like Mr. Goldwin Smith and Miss Cobbe has all the more cogency, as far as it goes, from their using no premisses which any consistent theist can dispute.

Miss Cobbe begins by taking note of the marked change of tone in modern Agnosticism from the "delirious exultation of Harriet Martineau"—who however was not an Agnostic, but a bitter and dogmatic atheist—to the "sober sadness" of the writer adopting the sobriquet of "Vernon Lee," who says:—"I have been shorn of my belief; I am emancipated, free, superior, all the things which a thorough materialist is in the eyes of materialists. But I have not yet attained to the perfection of being a hypocrite, of daring to pretend to my own soul that this belief of ours, this truth, is not bitter and abominable, arid and icy to our hearts." There is certainly an enormous chasm between "the earlier blatant Atheism" of writers like Harriet Martineau and this "mournful recognition of a phase through which many of the most luminous intellects of our time are doomed to pass." Miss Cobbe proceeds at once to inquire why they are doomed to pass through it, and her answer, if not an exhaustive, is at least a perfectly just one. She observes that, whereas there are two methods of religious investigation, that which seeks God in the outer world, and that which seeks Him in the world within, Agnostics persist in confining themselves to the former alone—the study of the order of the physical universe—which was the source of all the old varieties of Nature-worship, and reached its highest attainable point in the Deism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And she adds very truly that it could never have reached even that point without two extraneous aids—"namely, that those who found so good a God in Nature looked for Him there from the vantage ground of Christian tradition, gained by the opposite method; and secondly, that they were yet in ignorance concerning much in Nature which is now known, and so raised their induction from imperfect premisses." We know indeed how different was the inference drawn by so powerful and in his way religious a thinker as the late J. S. Mill from a fuller knowledge of external nature with no counteracting bias of Christian education. And in truth an inquirer who confines himself to that method can hardly at best get beyond the vague aspiration to fall

Upon the world's great altar-stairs
Which slope through darkness up to God.

And therefore this "external method being the one to which Agnostics have exclusively had recourse, it follows inevitably that the result is, as we see, the denial of religion because they do not find in Nature what Nature (consulted exclusively) cannot teach." A very different result may be expected from the second method, "which seeks for God in the inner world of spirit and conscience," and if it be objected that this second method should be checked by the first, that may be granted; "but the difference lies in this, with which do we begin, and to which do we assign the primary importance? If we first look for God outside of us, we shall usually stop at what we find there. If we first look for Him within, we may afterwards face with illumined eyes the mystery of Nature's shadows. He who has found his God in conscience and prayer may shudder and tremble at the misery and agony of creation," but he will not lose his trust; still less, a Christian apologist might be disposed to add, if he recognizes the revealed explanation of that agony.

The writer goes on to state her special reason for insisting on the importance of this appeal to conscience, inasmuch as by accepting the Darwinian theory of its nature, as resolved into "heredity," its testimony as regards either morals or religion is fatally discredited; though Dr. Beard, by the way, in his closing Hibbert lecture, insists that Darwin might have fitly prefaced his theory with "Thus saith the Lord." The doctrine of the old moralists about an eternal and immutable morality gives place necessarily to what "Vernon Lee" aptly styles "a rule of the road" for practical convenience only; or, as Mr. Herbert Spencer puts it, "acts are called good or bad"—not from any intrinsic

rightness or wrongness, but simply "according as they are well or ill adjusted to ends." And thus all foundations of any stable system of ethics are overturned. "Baldwin," who represents the Agnostic principle in "Vernon Lee's" dialogue, expounds this theory plainly enough:—

Instead of letting myself believe, I forced myself to doubt and examine all the more; I forced myself to study all the subjects which seemed as if they must make my certainty of evil only stronger and stronger. I instinctively hated science, because science had destroyed my belief in justice and mercy; I forced myself, for a while, to read only scientific books. Well, I was rewarded. Little by little it dawned upon me that all my misery had originated in a total misconception of the relative positions of Nature and of man; I began to perceive that the distinction between right and wrong conduct had arisen in the course of the evolution of mankind, that right and wrong meant only that which was conducive or detrimental to the increasing happiness of humanity, that they were referable only to human beings in their various relations with one another; that it was impossible to explain them, except with reference to human society, and that to ask for moral aims and moral methods of mere physical forces, which had no moral qualities, and which were not subject to social relations, or to ask for them of any Will hidden behind those forces, and who was equally independent of those human and social necessities which alone accounted for a distinction between right and wrong, was simply to expect one set of phenomena from objects which could only present a wholly different set of phenomena: to expect sound to be recognized by the eye, and light and colour to be perceived by the ear.

As regards this doctrine of inherited conscience Miss Cobbe informs us that, when Mr. Darwin sent her his *Descent of Man*, in which it was first broached, she wrote to him that in her judgment, "if ever generally accepted, it would sound the knell of the virtue of mankind," to which conviction she adheres. And as he told her he had never read Kant—which indeed was not much in his line—she lent him the *Metaphysics of Ethics*, which he accepted reluctantly, and returned in a few days unread. Clearly on Darwinian principles moral truth can no longer be called "necessary," and conscience loses all claim to authority.

How changed is the view we are permitted by Darwinism to take of this crowned and sceptred impostor in our breasts, who claimed so high an origin, and has so base an one! That "still small voice" to which we were wont to hearken reverently, what is it then, but the echo of the rude cheers and hisses wherewith our fathers greeted the acts which they thought useful or the reverse—those barbarous forefathers who howled for joy round the wicker images wherein the Druids burned their captives, and yelled under every scaffold of the martyrs of truth and liberty? That solid ground of transcendental knowledge, which we imagined the deepest thinker of the world had sounded for us and proved firm as a rock, what is it but the shifting sand-heaps of our ancestral impressions,—nay, rather let us say, the mental *kitchen middens* of generations of savages?

We do not exactly know why "our clergy" are accused of indifference to this matter, but we are quite at one with the writer as to its grave importance. No doubt it is true that to discredit conscience as a divinely ordained guide and monitor puts an end to all possibility of approaching God through it, or "arguing from its lessons of righteousness that He who made it must be righteous likewise." And while there may be something in consciousness—which must not be confounded with conscience—due to inheritance, there is much force in Miss Cobbe's appeal to "two well-defined and almost universal sentiments," which cannot with any shadow of plausibility be thus explained. The general expectation of mankind in all ages, "and the motif of half the literature of the world," that somehow and somewhere "justice will be done," cannot have been justified, still less originated, by the experiences of any generation. So again the duty recognized in all civilized nations of preserving human life, even in the case of deformed or diseased infants, is not only unauthorized by experience but directly contradicts the great Darwinian law of "survival of the fittest." Yet even the Chinese, who expose their superfluous babies, do not affect to regard the practice as a duty but only as a practical convenience. And Mr. Darwin's own chosen example of heredity, when he describes repentance as the natural return of kindly feelings after anger has subsided, is not borne out by either animal or human experience; the old proverb *odisse quem leseris* tells a very different tale. The fact no doubt is, as Miss Cobbe remarks, that Darwin, however great as a naturalist, was neither a moralist nor a metaphysician, though the one-sided tendency of the present age to treat physical science as the sole road to truth may for the moment invest him with an authority to which he has no solid claim. And here, as elsewhere, there is of course action and reaction. "Evolutionism has originated the theory of hereditary conscience, and that theory has had a large share in producing modern Agnosticism, and again Agnosticism is undermining practical ethics in all directions." Nor is the cause far to seek.

All the old religious manuals and catechisms propound a three-fold division of duty, to God, to our neighbours, and to ourselves. Two of these Agnosticism directly or virtually abrogates, while the third, which reappears under the somewhat fantastic alias of "Altruism," is deprived of its only secure basis. Persons of exceptional amiability, like the late Mr. Darwin himself, may find it easy to love their neighbours, but unfortunately "for one so constituted there are at least ninety-nine who love their friends and hate their enemies, and feel at best only indifference to those very large classes of their fellow-creatures included in the stupid, the vulgar, and the disagreeable." It is probable that every Christian or theist who has honestly endeavoured to love his neighbour as himself has felt the imperative necessity of calling religious motives into play. "One of the greatest philanthropists of the past generation, Joseph Tuckerman, told

Mary Carpenter that when he saw a filthy degraded creature in the streets, his feelings of repulsion were almost unconquerable, till he forcibly called to mind that God made that miserable man, and that he should meet him hereafter in heaven." It may be questioned therefore whether it will be found easier to make men philanthropists when we have given up the effort to make them saints. "Vernon Lee" indeed suggests that the belief in immortality is an "enervating" one, while there is a "moral tonic" in the cheerful assurance that there is no life beyond the grave; but this point of view is the reverse of obvious. For ordinary mortals, as Miss Cobbe replies—deviating here by the way into very distinctly Christian terminology—the virtues of Faith and Charity are closely associated with the virtue of Hope, and it is difficult to attach due importance to the moral welfare of our neighbour or to measure the sin of misguiding him or corrupting him if his existence is to terminate with the grave. The Comtist alternative of an enthusiasm for the future of Humanity—even with a big H—is a very pale shadow of the old Christian hope, even apart from the sweetly consoling anticipation of a recent writer, "that man in some generations to come will be a toothless, hairless, slow-limbed animal, incapable of extended locomotion, his feet having no division of toes." And as the only Agnostic ground of the personal duties man owes to himself—as distinguished from the pursuit of pleasure or self-interest—lies in their assumed subservience to the general welfare of the community, there is still less trustworthy guarantee for this branch of duty under the new system of ethics than for "altruism." Of duty to God there can of course be no semblance or pretence. It would be almost an impertinence to repeat in conclusion, but that the plea—worthless as it is—is so pertinaciously reproduced, how utterly irrelevant is the answer to such considerations as these based on the lofty character and aspirations of "certain illustrious Agnostics," living or departed. No one *e.g.* questions the sincerity of George Eliot's yearning "to join the choir invisible," or of Mr. Frederic Harrison's desire for "posthumous beneficent activity"; no one need doubt the agonized sincerity of the cry of despair emitted by "Vernon Lee." But what then? Scientific leaders are likely as a rule, from the nature of their calling, which exempts them from the lower temptations, to be in many respects above the average of morality. And in the next place, as Miss Cobbe intimates, our modern Agnostics, to whatever intellectual convictions or absence of convictions they may have made their way, have in nearly every case been nurtured under a nobler and more inspiring—even though it be deemed an untenable—system of belief, and still breathe an atmosphere pervaded by it. And men cannot, with the best intentions, creep altogether out of their own skins; with whatever modifications of experience or opinion, it still remains true that the boy is father to the man. The proper and genuine result of Agnostic ethics can only be tested when a generation has grown up nursed in Agnosticism pure and simple from the cradle, with no disturbing antecedents of Christian training or atmosphere of Christian tradition to mar the perfect harmony of the process—a generation "which knew not Joseph." The prediction which Darwin smiled at as fanatical will then first become liable to verification, that his theory of conscience "would sound the knell of the virtue of mankind."

THE BATTLE OF STROME FERRY.

IF the country is happy which has no history, doubly and trebly blessed is the country which has no crofters. One of the least evils consequent on the existence of crofters is, apparently, the extinction of learning. Professor Blackie (so celebrated for his erudition) has recently made one of the orations for which he is also famous. According to the report of his speech, the learned Professor said he had resigned the Greek chair in the University of Edinburgh that he might devote his whole energy to the sacred cause of the Highland crofters. "Let Greek and Latin perish," cried this sweet enthusiast, "let learning go to the dogs," but let Professor Blackie have time to air himself and the wrongs of the crofters on the local platform. There may be critics capable of saying that Greek will not perish out of the land, nor learning go wholly to the ravens, because Professor Blackie has ceased to favour his students with a song or dance, and to discuss the orthodox way of spelling the Gaelic word for whisky. Nay, some malignants may even conceive that the Professor's withdrawal from learned leisure will, on the whole, prove rather advantageous to the cause of correct scholarship. However this may be, the general theory that all the business of the world of letters must wait till the crofters are provided with real property equal to their desires is a serious proof of the trouble caused by crofters.

Let Greek and Latin, law and learning die,
But leave us still our pauper peasantry,

is the burden of the Celtic patriot's song. In the meantime the crofters are doing their best to make law die, and when they have succeeded in that enterprise, they will probably be indifferent to the future of Greek and Latin.

The crofters have been so often encouraged to break the wicked laws framed by rich (and bad) men for the oppression of a poor (and virtuous) peasantry, that they naturally take the law into their own hands whenever they get the chance. Now the law is one of those fragile articles which few people can take into their hands without breaking them. The crofters appear to have

broken it, and the head of the local Chief Constable, with some other objects of a similar nature, highly prized by their owners. By a canny and ingenious arrangement, the belligerent crofters have managed to get Dr. Begg on their side, without alienating (we trust) the sympathies of Professor Blackie. We believe that Dr. Begg (whose name is not so familiar as it should be on this side of the Tweed) and his great countryman, the Professor, have hitherto been irreconcilable on one important subject. Dr. Begg is all for "Sabbath observation" of the strictest sort; he is the traditional Scot who would visit with severe penalties the crime of whistling on Sunday. Now Professor Blackie—if we may conjecture as much from the biographical details given in the *Life of Sydney Dobell*—finds himself incapable of abstinence from whistling, trolling, and singing on the Sabbath, or on any other day. Lawful day or unlawful, he must be chanting "Scots wha hae," and other melodies of his own and other lands. Hence a cruel separation between the two great typical Scotchmen; and Professor Blackie (if Dr. Begg had his way) would probably by this time have sung his swan-song at the stake. The crofters have known how to reconcile these immense antagonists. They have always had the good word of Professor Blackie, because they are crofters. Now, we trust, they have secured the approval of Dr. Begg, because they have broken a Chief Constable's head in their devoted and successful attempt to prevent the breaking of the Sabbath-day at Strome Ferry.

The details of the Battle of Strome Ferry are not numerous, but they are delightful to a truly pious and patriotic soul. We gather them from the *Scotsman*, which, though an indubitably patriotic print, does not somehow seem to admire either the crofters or Sabbath observation. On Thursday week, according to the *Scotsman*, the crofters of Lewis were preparing for a grand demonstration at Stornoway. "Demonstration" is here used, of course, in its political and not in its mathematical or logical sense. Few words have had so painful a fall in the world as "demonstration." The term used to mean absolute proof; now it means noisy assertion. But this by the way. On Thursday week, as we have said, the crofters (who seem, when not engaged in demonstrating, to be a sort of fishermen) were busy in preparing their demonstration. The sea opposite their humble homes was full of enormous shoals of herring. Mere English or common Scotch folk would have seized this excellent chance of turning the honest penny, and laying up money against the next potato famine. But the Highland fishers are either Celts by race, or Scandinavians sadly demoralized by contact with Celts, so they prepared a demonstration and neglected the herring. On Friday, of course, no one would do anything but demonstrate. On Saturday the natural fatigue and headache which are the well-known results of Celtic demonstrations, and of that liquid whose Gaelic name is so difficult to spell, kept the industrious crofters from taking a turn at the herring-fishing. Besides, Saturday is very near the end of the week; it is scarcely worth while to begin anything so irksome as work always is on Saturday. Again, Saturday is next door to Sunday, and has a kind of sanctity reflected on it from that holy occasion. The Highland crofter regards Sunday as the pious Greek regarded the day of Apollo, which also (by an interesting coincidence) came once a week. "To-day the feast of the Arch-god is held in the land, a holy feast. Who at such a time would be bending of bows?" says Antinous, Eupheithes' son (a noted devotee), in the *Odyssey*. "Behold, to-morrow is the Sawbath: who on the eve of such a day would be catching of herring?" said the pious crofters. They had enjoyed half a week of holidays, these poor starving people, who complain in such touching terms that their families really are too large—a matter to be remedied by the Commission.

Unluckily there were depraved worldly men in the neighbourhood of Strome Ferry, who heeded not demonstrations, neither regarded Saturday. These were East Coast fishermen, degenerate fellows who work hard in storms and stress of weather to support their families, and who, trusting to their own hardihood, make their own living without troubling Commissions or chartering the services of Professor Blackie. These Easterlings did not prepare a demonstration on Thursday, or demonstrate on Friday, or sleep off the effects of the demonstration on Saturday. They went a-fishing, and were rewarded by an almost miraculous draught of fishes. "The East Coast boats," says the *Scotsman*, "caught so many herrings that the curers could not take all of them, and of course the West Coast men, who stayed at home, got none." Here is another crofters' grievance. When the downtrodden crofter stays at home to muse over his wrongs, he does not catch any herring. So cruel are the laws, not only of man, but of nature, to people with a grievance. "Two steamers were loaded on Saturday with fresh and kippered herrings, and made for Strome Ferry, where the fish were to be put into a special train in time to reach the English market on Monday morning, fit for consumption. But this was not to be. As the Hebridean fishermen would not catch the fish, the West Coast fishermen resolved that those which were caught should not be sent to market." This conduct may seem to resemble that of the dog in the manger; but no, the pious Celtic fishers were not envious as well as indolent—they were only indignant at Sabbath desecration. Now these crofters have again and again been told that there is no harm in it if they resort to violence. That lesson has been taught them in prose, and in the lumbering lines which their constructors believe to be verse. So to violence the ingenious crofters resorted. If it is right to resist the law with

arms, much more is it right to defend the Fourth Commandment with sticks and stones. About one o'clock on the morning of the sacred day the steamers *Lochiel* and *Talisman* reached Strome pier laden with herring. Twenty railway men at once set to work (a thing repugnant in itself to crofters), and prepared to move the fish from the steamers to the train. The "natives" then gathered in boats, landed, took possession of the pier, and stopped the transfer of fish from the boats to the railway. What a scene it must have been, what Gaelic profanity, what Gaelic jabber through the faint twilight of the Northern summer night! "Before proceeding to any extreme measures, the ringleaders gave the workmen to understand that it was their intention not to have the Sabbath desecrated, as it had been for some time, and that, if necessary, they were prepared to use violence." Not alarmed by this threat, the workmen went on with their business. Had numbers been equal, the workmen would very soon have settled the excitable Celtic crofters. A farmer in one of these isles had a big shepherd, who was repugnant to his indolent neighbours. One day the shepherd was walking through Stornoway, when a threatening crowd gathered. "We were thinking, Tavid, to pe giving you a peating," said the ringleader. "Deed, I think it will take more of you than I see to do that," answered the big shepherd; whereon the crowd paused, reflected, and went away, not "about their business" probably, but about their usual vocation of loafing. But at Strome Ferry the Gael mustered in large numbers, boat after boat landing its crew of Celtic devotees, armed with sticks. There is no policeman at Strome Ferry, the nearest constable lived six miles away, and, even if he had been present, what was he among so many? At last the crowd of peaceful, industrious crofters and fishers took possession of the pier. Constables arrived, six in number, from Dingwall, and tried to secure the pier; but of course their attempt was fruitless. "One or two of the policemen, including the Chief Constable, were rather severely handled." In short, the crofters were completely successful. Not only did they triumphantly neglect to catch any fish themselves, but they spoiled the fish of the Eastern men who had caught them, and they vindicated the Sabbath-day and the dignity of indolence on the unlucky person of the Chief Constable. We understand that a number of the ringleaders have been arrested; but their Celtic and Sabbatarian friends will probably see that they take no harm for their pious and pugnacious zeal.

The whole story of the Battle of Strome Ferry, if it be correctly reported, shows what causes keep the West Highlanders poor. They are always indolent, for which we do not severely blame them in this too industrial age. But, being indolent, and superstitious, and prolific, they remain poor, and grow more poor the more the world of industry presses on them. Their holdings are often unfit to support large families; they appear to neglect the fishing, which is at best a precarious trade, and when potatoes fail, then comes inevitable famine. We have not the faintest sympathy with landlords who deprive the crofters of their rights of grazing, if such landlords and such rights there be. The meanest of all thefts is a rich man's theft of a public common or hillside, or even of a field-path. But it is manifest that potatoes, fishing, and grazing will not support a constantly increasing stay-at-home population. We are all obliged to move away from narrow and exhausted pastures, homes, or places of business. Why should the crofter be peculiarly pitied because the law which presses on all men presses on him? He has no divine right to raise a large and indolent family on land which will not support them, any more than a solicitor or business man has a right to inhabit a house of which he cannot afford to pay the rent, or to go on trading after he is a bankrupt.

THE NAVY.

IT is now a month since Sir T. Brassey made in the House of Commons his remarkable statement respecting the relative strength of the English and French navies. Speaking on behalf of the Admiralty in the debate of May 7th, he defined first-class ironclads as vessels exceeding 8,500 tons, with armour of not less than nine inches, and alleged that in 1882 we had ten such ships, with an aggregate of 96,000 tons, while the French had but three, with an aggregate of 22,000; and then, without stopping to explain how three times 8,500 could make 22,000 only, went on to say that in 1885 we should have fifteen first-class ships, with an aggregate of 140,000 tons, against six French vessels, with an aggregate of 61,000 tons. Content to lay before the House these imposing totals, he condescended to no particulars, gave no details, did not name the vessels he referred to, or show on what grounds he fixed the date of completion of those which are now in course of construction. Such a broad method of treatment was not perhaps unnatural when arithmetic was boldly ignored; but, inasmuch as Sir T. Brassey's statement was seemingly contradicted by the tables in his own book, and was, shortly after his speech was delivered, shown to be irreconcilable with such reports as ordinary inquirers can obtain, it might have been expected that an explanation would be vouchsafed, and that some admirer of the present rulers of the Admiralty would be allowed to set forth the data on which the Civil Lord based the brief but very gratifying summary which he offered to the House. No such defence has, however, been forthcoming. There has been no at-

tempt to explain the apparent divergencies between Sir T. Brassey's speech and his book, or to show that those whose description of the strength of the French navy differed greatly from his were in the wrong. His statement has not been supported by a title of proof, and rests on his authority only; and though no one could possibly suppose for a moment that he said anything which he did not believe to be absolutely true, it is certainly permissible to think that he was misinformed, and that it would be extremely hard to demonstrate the accuracy of his figures.

For doubting those figures, or at least for doubting the substantial accuracy of his comparison between the future strength of the two navies, good reason was given, as has just been said, shortly after his speech was made. In the *Times* of May 18th last there appeared a letter from Captain Price, the member for Devonport, containing a carefully drawn up statement of the probable strength of the English and French navies in first and second-class ironclads at the end of 1883. In this communication Captain Price did not attempt directly to controvert Sir T. Brassey's statement, as he adopted a different method of classification; but, if he is correct, the allegation made in the House of Commons must be regarded as erroneous. He fixed a higher standard than Sir T. Brassey, and ranked as first class only "ships carrying guns of 43 tons weight and upwards, and with armour of not less than 18 in." It might naturally be expected by those who share the common superstition respecting the power of the British navy that a comparison of the two lists of ships of the kind mentioned would show a decided superiority on our side. Unfortunately the opposite is the case. Captain Price's tables show that we have ten such ironclads built or building, and that the French have eighteen. Of our ships two, the *Inflexible* and *Conqueror*, are complete—the former, as need hardly be said, having been in commission for some time. Two others, the *Edinburgh* and *Colossus*, will be well advanced at the end of the year; and three, the *Benbow*, which is to carry 100-ton guns, the *Anson*, and the *Camperdown*, will be in but a very rudimentary condition at that time. Of the French ships three, the *Amiral Duperré*, the *Devastation*, and the *Tonnant* are complete, or will be at the end of the year; while three, the *Brennus*, *Charles Martel*, and *New Neptune* will be behind even the *Benbow*, *Anson*, and *Camperdown*. Two other vessels, the *Neptune* and *Magenta*, will only be advanced to twenty-three and fifteen-hundredths respectively. It should be added that the *Vengeur*, which has armour only fourteen inches thick, is placed with the first-class ships on account of the strength of her guns, which are 48-ton breechloaders. There is then some deduction to be made from the estimate of French strength; but even when this is fully allowed for it is clear that in the construction and advancement of first-class ironclads the French Admiralty will be ahead of our Admiralty at the end of the year, unless indeed it is to be supposed that the official statements on which Captain Price's tables are based are altogether untrustworthy and misleading.

With regard to smaller vessels our position seems to be a better one. In the second class Captain Price includes ships with armour not less than nine inches thick, and carrying guns of from 18 to 38 tons. Of such ships we have twenty-four complete, many of them being in commission, and two in process of construction. The French have sixteen vessels complete or to be completed at the end of the year, and three which will not then be finished. On the English list appear the names of two very powerful vessels, the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*, and on the French list that of one, the *Furieux*. On the other hand, there are included amongst the English ships four coasting monitors, which, it is thought, are only fit to go from port to port in fine weather. On the whole we have, and must have for some time to come, a certain superiority in ships which, according to the rating adopted, belong to the second class; but this is not sufficient to counterbalance the deficiency in first-class vessels. When all the ironclads spoken of are complete, we shall have thirty-six first and second-class ships, with armour of the average thickness of 13 inches, carrying guns of the average weight of 35 tons, while France will have thirty-four with armour of the average thickness of 14½ inches, and carrying guns of the average weight of 40 tons. Moreover, the French guns will very possibly be all breechloaders, while some of ours will be muzzle-loaders.

This is certainly a very different story from the pleasant tale told by Sir T. Brassey. All the agreeable perspective of a time when we shall have a huge superiority in strength vanishes under Captain Price's handling. His letter, though not formally an answer to Sir T. Brassey, is in fact a most effective answer to him, disposing altogether of the principal statement in his speech; but of course it may be said that the Civil Lord of the Admiralty is at least as likely to be right as the naval officer, and that the latter may be entirely in the wrong. This would be just enough; but then if Sir T. Brassey's broad statement was right, why has no proof of it been offered, and why during all this time has there been no attempt to refute Captain Price's letter, which by its fulness and detail seemed to challenge a reply? From silence in face of such provocation only one conclusion, already indicated, can be drawn; and this will be strengthened by the fact that, while no effort is made to answer, confirmation is forthcoming. Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds has, as is well known, devoted the greatest attention to the question of our naval strength as compared with that of France; and he has lately drawn up a table showing what battle-ships of modern construction in iron and steel will, in his opinion,

be ready in 1885. This he has forwarded to us, and, as it shows in the briefest and clearest manner the probable strength of the English and French navies, we print it in full:—

Names, &c., from French Navy Estimates, 1883, also other particulars. Armament Brasse.	Thickest Armour.	To advance by Jan. 1, 1884, in 100ths.		Heaviest Guns.
	in.	Hull.	Engine.	
1 Amiral Baudin ...	21½	64·2	70	100-ton BL*
2 Formidable ...	20	58·5	100	100 " "
3 Calman ...	20	80·0	100	72 " "
4 Indomptable ...	20	75·0	100	72 " "
5 Requin ...	20	C	100	72 " "
6 Terrible ...	20	83·0	100	72 " "
7 Admiral Duperre ...	22	C	C	48 " "
8 Dévastation ...	16½	C	C	48 " "
9 Foudroyant ...	16½	95·0	98	48 " "
10 Mareau ...	18	55·0	55	48 ? 59 "
11 Vengeur ...	14	C	C	48 " "
12 Tonnant ...	18	C	C	48 " "
13 Fulminant ...	14	C	C	34 " "
14 Furieux ...	19	83	100	34 " "
15 Tonnerre ...	14	C	C	34 " "
16 Tempête ...	13	C	C	34 " "
17 Redoutable ...	14	C	C	20 " "
18 Vauban ...	10	100	100	14 " "
19 Duguesclin ...	10	84	100	14 " "
20 Friedland ...	9	C	C	20 " "
By giving the progress in 100ths facts are arrived at and no room for controversy.				
C stands for complete at present.				
BUILDING.—Completion uncertain.				
21 Brennus ...	18	77·0	—	2100 " "
22 Neptune ...	18	23·0	30	2100 ? 59 "
23 Magenta ...	18	15·0	20	48 ? 59 "
24 Hoche ...	18	31·7	50	48 ? 59 "
25 Charles Martel ...	18	77	—	48 " "
26 N. ...	18	19·0	40	48 " "
27 N. ...	—	—	20	48 " "
8 Canonnières Cuirassées				
17 Other Vessels are named in French Estimates				
44 Grand Total.				

Names from English Estimates and Navy List.	Thickest Armour.	To advance by Mar. 31, 1884, in 100ths.		Heaviest Guns.
	in.	Hull.		
1 Inflexible ...	24	C		80-ton ML†
2 Collingwood ...	18	75		43 " BL
3 Edinburgh ...	18	82		43 " "
4 Colossus ...	18	99		43 " "
5 Conqueror ...	12	to complete		43 " "
6 Agamemnon ...	18	C		38 " ML
7 Ajax ...	18	C		38 " "
8 Thunderer ...	14	C		38 " "
9 Dreadnought ...	14	C		38 " "
10 Neptune ...	13	C		38 " "
11 Devastation ...	14	C		35 " "
12 Monarch ...	10	C		25 " "
13 Alexandra ...	12	C		25 " "
14 Téméraire ...	11	C		25 " "
15 Bellisle ...	12	C		25 " "
16 Orion ...	12	C		25 " "
17 Sultan ...	9	C		18 " "
18 Superb ...	12	C		18 " "
19 Hercules ...	9	C		18 " "
Engines not given in 100ths.				
C stands for complete at present.				
BUILDING.—Completion uncertain.				
20 Rodney ...	18	47		63 " BL
21 Anson ...	?	8		63 " "
22 Howe ...	19	27		63 " "
23 Camperdown ...	?	16		63 " "
24 Benbow. To advance to about tons	?	2,147		100 " "
CRUISERS.				
25 Impérieuse ...	10	80		18 " "
26 Warpite ...	10	66		18 " "
19 Other Seaworthy Vessels may be added.				
45 Grand Total.				

* Breech-loader.

† Muzzle-loader.

The form adopted by Admiral Symonds differs considerably from that adopted by Captain Price; and, with respect to the armour and armament of some of the French vessels, and to the advancement of those which have only recently begun, he is not quite in accordance with that officer. In the main, however, his table confirms the other, and both prove that the French navy must within a brief period surpass ours. We have, it is true, more ironclads afloat; but some of these are, as the Admiral shows in a note for which, unfortunately, we have not space, faulty vessels, necessarily very inferior to the French ships which are being built. With respect to armament it is difficult to speak positively. In the debate of the 7th May the Secretary of the Admiralty said that there was a grim satisfaction in knowing that the French were as much behindhand as we were. They may not be so forward with their artillery as has been supposed; but, as the English authorities have only recently determined to adopt breech-loading ordnance, and certainly have not acted briskly in carrying out their determination, it is difficult to believe that the French are not ahead of us. Their guns may not now be ready, may not be ready for some time, but in all probability they will be ready before ours are. On the whole it seems

scarcely possible to doubt, even when every allowance is made for official shortcomings abroad, that in 1885 the French ironclad fleet will surpass ours in effective strength. Of this ominous fact good warning has certainly been given. Lord Henry Lennox pointed it out last year, and though in some minor matters he made mistakes, he certainly was not shown to be wrong in the main. This year Sir E. Reed has drawn attention to our future weakness, and he has been followed by Captain Price. On the other side there is nothing but the vague assertion of Sir T. Brassey, unsupported by any facts, and moreover proving too much; for, if he is right, we, with 18,000 men in our dockyards, can build twice as many ships as the French can with 23,000 in theirs, although their repairing work is not nearly so severe as ours. Our navy has before now been called a phantom fleet, and the expression certainly seems applicable to that squadron of the future which, according to the Junior Lord of the Admiralty, will be so overwhelmingly strong as compared with any fleet that France can equip.

That even a slight inferiority to France in naval power means in reality an inferiority in total offensive and defensive power so great as to render war with her next to impossible, need hardly be pointed out. In the event of hostilities our navy would have to protect our colonies, and also to protect the great streams of ocean traffic, while there would be comparatively little work of a similar kind for French ships to do. A defeat at sea would not be nearly so grave a disaster for the French as for us, as they have a huge army to defend their shores, while we have but a handful of men. These facts are so obvious that a child could hardly overlook them; but nevertheless they are habitually ignored by those who direct our naval policy. It may be said that Lords and Secretaries of the Admiralty are obliged to be thus wilfully blind, inasmuch as the country would not tolerate the great increase to the national burdens which would be required to make the navy what it ought to be. This may or may not be true; and, if the country refused to sanction the necessary expenditure, nothing more could be done; but then the question should be put fairly to the country, and the real state of affairs made clear. There should be no attempt to keep everything unpleasant in the background, and Englishmen should be told that the naval strength, which they think to be so great is rapidly diminishing, as compared with that of another nation. Then they might choose between safety and economy. At present they are beguiled into believing that they can have both, and hear the truth only from the derided alarmists, whose charges are met by vague statements or confirmed by what is in one sense certainly an eloquent silence.

FROM PORT SAID TO SUEZ.—II.

ONE of the first improvements which should be made in the existing Canal is a better method of "tying up." At present nothing can be more awkward. The Company does not provide anything except the two posts to which, bow and stern, the ship is attached by her own hawsers and gradually drawn close up to the bank by her own capstan or steam-winch, as the case may be. Tying up is therefore a very long process, during which the ship is liable to innumerable accidents. The wide passing-places on the Canal are marked by two great notice-boards, on one of which is painted "Gare—limite nord," corresponding to another a few yards further on—"Gare—limite sud." There are no stone quays, however, and no really satisfactory stopping-places. At some of the stations there are a few wooden houses for officials, and round each a little garden which looks vividly green in the desert, though it is only watered from the wretched pipe which supplies Port Said. At many "gares," however, there is no sign of human life, and it often happens at such a place that the passengers will go ashore in the moonlight and walk for miles over the sandy hillocks without seeing anything but perhaps a stray jackal. The stillness after the noises of a sea voyage is almost oppressive, but if there are any musical folk on board advantage is taken of it to hold a concert sometimes on deck, and the desert echoes to "God save the Queen" from almost every throat on board. The concert is followed by a dance, and it is amusing to see how rapidly a quadrille is broken up at the sight of a stray Arab on a camel making a night journey in the cool moonlight. He reaps a harvest of unexpected shillings if he has the boldness to come close, and especially if any one on board can detain him with a few words of Arabic. Otherwise he gazes with little curiosity at the barbarous ways of the infidels, and wonders that women should ever be so shameless as to dance in the presence of strange men; and so with a mild curse from the Koran he passes away into the night. Some passengers try, not always without success, to catch a few of the grey mullet which swarm wherever the water is clear; but of late years this is only in the lakes, as the want of circulation or movement in the Canal has allowed it to become opaque with the ashes and other rubbish discharged from passing ships. There is a very slight current from south to north, but it is more than counteracted by the prevailing wind from north to south, and few passengers venture on a swim, except in the lakes. Unfortunately ships often stop for the night in some narrow place, with a miasmatic smell from the marshes, which drives everybody below and closes every port against the clouds of mosquitoes. To anchor in one of the lakes is a rare but pleasant experience, especially if two or three other steamers are near. The reflections in the smooth

water, which sometimes shows all the stars if the moon is absent, form a picture of exquisite beauty; and travellers who are wise enough to rise early and see the dark hills light up and turn pink as the sun comes out from behind the lower ranges of Sinai witness a scene never to be forgotten.

The proper track across the lakes is marked by buoys, and in the Great Lake also by low iron lighthouses. There need be no difficulty in steaming at night, especially when there is moonlight; but at sundown, or rather before it, every ship ties up; and the pilots do not seem in any great hurry to resume the journey in the morning. An immense amount of signalling up and down the Canal has to be done; and it is often tantalizing when a few miles have been made to find that we must tie up again for an indefinite time—perhaps hours, perhaps days—during which we can never leave the ship for fear of being out of the way when the order to start comes. We anxiously watch the white posts on the east side which mark the kilometer and its tenths, and dread any signs that we are approaching a "gare."

The most beautiful of the lakes, though not the largest, is unquestionably Timsah. This is due, not to the scenery, which is much finer in the Great Lake, but to the existence of Ismailieh and its green trees, which afford a welcome rest to the eye. The colouring at this point is superb. The deep sapphire blue of the clear water, the intense orange of the desert, the soft dark green of the acacias of the little town are subjects of endless admiration. For some unknown reason connected with the French management there is always a difficulty made about landing at Ismailieh, even for passengers proceeding to Cairo. They are generally obliged to disembark at Port Said, going up the Canal in a wretched postal tug, or to go on to Suez, which involves a great deal of trouble and expense, and a long railway journey. Ismailieh bade fair at one time, nevertheless, to become a favourite watering-place. It is admirably situated on a slope, is luxuriantly planted, abounds in charming villas with large gardens, and enjoys an almost perpetual summer. But the engineers who made it committed one fatal error in their plan. Instead of conducting the Freshwater Canal along the higher ground above the town, where now the railway runs, they brought it below the town along the margin of the lake, though to do so they had to put a lock on it. The result has been that the water is poisoned by sewage, and that Ismailieh labours under the unenviable notoriety of being the one town in Egypt where fever is common. It was a part of the medical break-down in our recent operations that no one seemed to be aware of this fact; and now, when it is too late, we ascertain that the number of deaths from fever exceeded those in battle, and that in a majority of cases the disease was contracted here. Should the second canal be made by Englishmen, and a residence at Ismailieh become necessary for a time, this is a point to be looked to, and the easy remedy should be at once applied. The town was full of English families, who had come for the summer from Suez and Alexandria, when the fever first broke out, now seven years ago, and it was said that ninety per cent. took it, and of them fifty per cent. died. Ismailieh, of course, never recovered the blow; and, though its bad reputation was perfectly well known, our troops were allowed to land without a single precaution being taken to prevent the use of the poisoned water.

As we approach Suez the flat desert scenery is relieved by distant mountains on both sides. Those on the left, as we try to realize, are spurs of Sinai. Those on the right are spurs of the Mokattam, which overlooks Cairo. It is a long way to Sinai or to Cairo, but the traveller who is not going to either place likes to think he is seeing even so much of them. As we pass out of the Great Lake we enter on the last twenty kilometres, which run nearly in a straight line until Suez is almost reached, when the Canal makes a great bend to the left, and at length meets the Red Sea under Jebel Attaka, some three miles south-east of the town. Thus the last surprise the Suez Canal has for us is the discovery that it does not go to Suez at all. When a second canal is made we may expect that it will comply with the wishes of the Suez people, and run so as to tap the railway trade with the interior; but at present an immense amount of traffic in all kinds of merchandise is loaded and unloaded at the quay in Suez merely to be conveyed to vessels lying at the mouth of the Canal. Suez is an English colony of old standing, all the better houses being English, as well as the banks, counting-houses, stores, and other places of business. A few Greeks and Italians have also commercial interests in the place; had there been any French, the Canal would not have taken its present course—at least so they say, somewhat maliciously, in Suez. To tell the truth, the present course involved a considerable addition to the expense of making the Canal; for the gulf runs up close past the town with a moderately deep channel, which would have allowed all kinds of ships to be loaded or unloaded close to the railway station and the custom-house. But M. de Lesseps appears to have entertained an idea that he would force trade. This is an idea French people too often indulge in. But trade will not be forced; and, greatly to the surprise of M. de Lesseps and his condutors, not one single Suez merchant took a piece of ground at Port Ibrahim—now, by the way, called Port Towfik; and the concession lies half drained, a tidal marsh, exhaling a foul odour, behind the Canal offices and the roof of a custom-house shed, of which buildings only does Port Towfik consist. There are long lines of empty jetties and quays. A railway comes down to the water's edge, but it is only employed for the mails. The presence of two or three Khedival war-steamers does not add to the cheerfulness of the mud flats; and it has been a welcome relief to the monotony of the scene

that of late the P. & O. steamers come up to the dock, and the passengers may occasionally be met with making donkey excursions along the embankment or pacing the quay for a few minutes so as to be able to say afterwards that "they have been in Egypt." The process of landing at Suez is a very different one from what might have been expected. The outgoing steamers lie in the bay or gulf under Jebel Attaka, and to reach even Port Towfik involves a long row or sail unless you meet some one who has a steam-launch to place at your disposal. To sail in an Arab boat some four or five miles from the anchorage in the bay to the hotel quay at Suez is slow work. The wind, as we have observed, blows generally from the north, and beating up against it is so tedious that often there is nothing for it but to turn back, land at Port Towfik, and carry up the luggage on donkeys. Certainly had the Canal Company no other object but to embarrass travellers they could not have succeeded better; and this, the easiest and most obvious route for tourists, and especially for invalids, is practically blocked. Of Suez itself there is little to be said. The hotel is the great feature of the place, and forms a kind of club to which every evening the young business men resort. There is nothing to see. The mosques are small, ugly, and for the most part modern. The bazaars excel even other Oriental bazaars in dirt. The country round affords few inducements for excursions. Yet we have known invalids who lived for months at Suez and liked it. The dryness of Egypt is tempered by the sea air. English newspapers abound as well as English tourists; Indian officials coming and going, and various small events help to prevent dullness. At sunset every one goes on the roof to see Jebel Attaka turn into a purple shadow against a yellow sky, and to count how many steamers are being tied up for the night in the distant Canal.

THE DULNESS ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE dulness of which stock-brokers have been complaining for months past is a sure sign of inactive trade. When trade is brisk, the commercial classes are making money, and are inclined to hope that every transaction in which they engage will turn out well. The cautious amongst them save considerable sums, which they invest in Stock Exchange securities; while the more adventurous foresee that with good trade all industrial enterprises, such as railways, steamships, mines, ironworks, and the like, will yield larger dividends, and therefore will be worth higher prices, and they consequently buy those shares largely, in the hope of selling them afterwards at higher rates. These purchases send up prices, and the general public, eager to share in the fortunes which are reported to be making, rush in to buy also, and send up prices further. Thus, active speculation is an inevitable accompaniment of prosperous trade. But after awhile it tends to degenerate into mere gambling. The shrewder speculators who began the movement had good grounds for anticipating that prices would rise; but their imitators buy only because they see those buying in whose judgment they have trust. They are acting, therefore, in the dark, and their purchases in no way differ from gambling. They continue buying, too, long after their shrewder leaders have sold, and in the end there is a collapse. This happened in France, where a wild speculative mania sprang out of the confidence inspired by the rapidity with which the country recovered from the disasters of the war. The mania ended a year and a half ago in the failure of the Union Générale, when fortunes disappeared in a day, and with them too often good name and good faith. The panic in Paris was attended by a great fall in prices, which inflicted heavy losses not only upon speculators throughout France, but also upon speculators all over Europe. And it was followed some months later by another heavy fall in certain stocks in consequence of the mutiny of the Egyptian army and the war that ensued. The losses thus incurred told heavily upon the speculative classes throughout Europe, and they were aggravated by the course of events in the United States. There a series of abundant harvests had produced unwonted prosperity, and, as usual, the people began to make railways in a reckless manner. Thousands of miles of line were made each year, and so much capital was sunk in doing so that at last the promoters and contractors were unable to continue, and their difficulties compelled them to sell all the securities of good standing which they possessed. In this way they brought about a heavy fall in the prices of American railway securities; and as those securities were held largely in Europe, the fall occasioned very heavy losses not only to speculators but also to investors. In all these ways the losses upon the Stock Exchange during the past couple of years have been very heavy, and they have brought about a stoppage of speculation and an indisposition on the part of the public to deal even in high-class securities. The chief cause of the losses to which we have been referring is found in the bad harvests with which Europe has been visited for a series of years. Although there has been a partial revival in trade, that revival has taken no stable form because of the agricultural depression. The farmers have been unable to pay their rents, and have had no money to spare for investment in any shape. The landlords also, not having received their rents, have had less money to save than of old. The poverty of the agricultural classes has necessarily affected the whole business world, has checked the revival in trade, and has contributed largely to the stoppage of speculation upon the Stock Exchange. The result is that the amount of business done upon the London

Stock Exchange since the beginning of the year has been exceedingly small. It was hoped in the autumn that, as the last harvest was moderately good, and the prices of the necessities of life, as well as of the raw materials of manufacture, were low, there would be an improvement in trade, and consequently a fresh outburst of speculative activity. But, for the reasons we have stated, the hope has been disappointed, and in fact the past six months have witnessed almost as much inactivity upon the Stock Exchange as the first half of 1879.

Is it probable that this dullness will continue? The answer to this question, in the first place, depends mainly upon the harvests. If the weather continues as fine as it is at present, and if we have occasional rain, so as to prevent a drought, we may hope that the agricultural depression is drawing to an end; that we shall have a series of good years, during which the farmers will recover the capital they have lost of late, and will be able to pay their rents; that consequently the landed interest generally will once more become prosperous, and that its prosperity will transmit itself through all classes of the community. If so, reviving trade will inevitably bring about a revival of speculation. Prices upon the Stock Exchange will once more go up, and after a time there will be a fresh collapse. Thus far unquestionably the prospects of the harvest are not unfavourable. In another way a good harvest would largely influence the prices of Stock Exchange securities. If the harvest is good, the quantity of wheat we shall need to import from abroad will be less than it would be if the harvest were bad. There will consequently be a smaller debt due by this country to other countries, and as a result the United States will be able to take less gold from us than they otherwise would. The probability, therefore, is that if the harvest is good there will not be what is called a drain of gold in the autumn, and consequently the money market will be more settled than it has been for some autumns past. If this should be the case credit will continue good, speculators will be able to borrow on favourable terms, and therefore will be inclined to purchase largely. As a result, prices may be expected to rise. Next to the weather, the most important influence acting upon the Stock Exchange is foreign politics. If there is no war in Europe, and if at the same time the Tonquin expedition does not involve France in hostilities with China, it is almost certain that there will be a considerable rise of prices in Paris. The harvest in France is earlier than with us, and therefore it may safely be said that, unless there is a most unfavourable and unlooked-for change in the weather, the harvest in France will be very good this year. The wine crop, too, promises well, as does also the beetroot crop. With good grain, wine, and sugar crops France will be more prosperous than she has been for a great many years. The losses of a year and a half ago will be made good. Money will be cheap and abundant; and there will inevitably be an outburst of speculative activity. But if, on the other hand, France should get involved in war with China, it is almost certain that there will be a fall of prices. The French debt is very heavy, and the French revenue is already less than the expenditure. A war with China, therefore, which would involve a very large outlay, would necessitate fresh borrowing, and would probably also lead to an increase of taxation. But increased taxation and fresh borrowing would so affect credit that members of the Bourse would become alarmed, and there would be a general decline of prices. In addition, there would be a fear that the hostilities in China might end in complications with the other European Powers; and political alarm would then be added to financial apprehensions. But if there were to be a heavy fall of prices in Paris, there would also be a fall in London. Thus, as we have said, the prospects of the Stock Exchange largely depend upon the course of political events.

Another influence which will largely affect the Stock Exchange is the condition of the United States. If the harvest there is good, and if at the same time money continues abundant and cheap, it is probable that prices will recover; and a recovery of prices on the New York Stock Exchange would react powerfully upon the London Stock Exchange, where large masses of American railway securities are held. If, on the other hand, there should be financial troubles in New York, these would react in London. As we observed above, railway construction has been overdone during the past three or four years in the United States, and it is believed that the banks have lent too largely to the constructors of these railways. The securities of the new lines are quite unsaleable in many cases, and therefore the banks cannot realize the advances they have made. Moreover, it is believed that they have lent largely to the owners of ironworks. And the breakdown of railway construction has led to a fall in the price of iron, and to a depreciation in ironworks property. Thus there can be little doubt that the American banks are somewhat embarrassed; and if the harvest should be bad, and credit should be at all affected, it is not improbable that there may be financial difficulties. If so, there would certainly be a fall of prices. On the other hand, it is to be observed that money at present is both abundant and cheap in New York, the rate of interest charged to the Stock Exchange for call loans being as low as 2 per cent. It is scarcely probable that, if the embarrassments of which we have been speaking were serious, the rate of interest in New York upon Stock Exchange securities would be as low as this. Usually, when embarrassments are serious, bankers become timid, and will lend only at very high rates. When, however, week after week the rate of interest is low, it is usually a sign that the embarrassments are not serious. Another favourable symptom is the settlement of the dispute between the ironmasters and the iron-

workers at Pittsburg. There the employers have yielded all the demands of the men, which seems to prove that the condition of the iron trade must be fairly profitable. If it were not so, the employers would rather welcome a temporary suspension of business, which would allow time for the accumulated stocks to be consumed, and would diminish their own expenditure for the time being. When they prefer, on the contrary, to yield to the demands of the men rather than face a strike, it is reasonable to infer that their profits are fairly satisfactory, and consequently that the condition of the trade is good. But the iron trade depends so largely upon the construction of railways that it would seem probable that, if the iron trade is good, railway construction must be beginning again. In other words, the temporary collapse of credit in this department must be drawing to an end, and the banking world must be recovering confidence and coming to the conclusion that there is no danger of a collapse. Altogether, then, if the harvest is good, it seems probable that there will be a recovery of prices on the Stock Exchange in New York, and, as a result, greater speculative activity.

THE OPERAS.

SIGNOR PONCHIELLI'S opera, *La Gioconda*, the only novelty promised us this season in the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera Company, achieved a decided success upon its production in London. It has been a matter for much comment that of late years the Italian opera in London has shown no great appreciation of the works of modern Italian masters, and has steadily set its face towards the writers of the German school, whose works naturally suffer by being Italianized, or to the French school, which, with the exception of Gounod, has no composers of first rank in it. In short, it was objected that, while operas by Massenet and Lénepveu were thought worthy of production, the already popular works of Signor Ponchielli have been ignored. It is true that Boito's *Mefistofele*, a work of singular genius, was heard in London; but the credit of its production was not due to the Italian Opera Company, and therefore the announcement that *La Gioconda* was in preparation was received with considerable satisfaction. There is no doubt that to the librettist Signor Ponchielli owes a debt which other composers have not generally to acknowledge, for Signor Arrigo Boito, who has taken refuge under the evident anagram of Tobia Gorrio, has certainly produced a very striking libretto, full of just such situations as suit the operatic stage, and giving free scope to the composer's imagination for the musical rendering of the situations that he has devised. It has been asserted that the librettist has pointed no moral to adorn his tale, that, in fact, he allows the high-minded heroine to commit the crime of suicide; but this is an objection that, when the story is told, falls to the ground. There is, in the circumstances, no other possible conclusion to which the drama could come; while, at the same time, it is justified, in being the conclusion which ends the story that the opera is founded upon; besides which, if the critic can see no moral elevation in the persistent self-sacrifice of the heroine in giving up her lover, or rather the man she loves and who does not see her love for him, we can only say that we are sorry for that critic, and think that he has but a dull eye for a highly romantic situation. The librettist and composer have in *La Gioconda* worked together sympathetically, and the result is certainly satisfactory. The effect they have striven to produce is not within the range of morals (though perhaps even suicide may be less immoral than the morality of some successful plays that are performed at this day); but they have endeavoured to illustrate a painful situation, which is very possible amongst human beings, and we cannot think that it is altogether without an ennobling sentiment when it is looked at as a whole.

But to turn to the story, which is based on a work of M. Victor Hugo's. The scene is laid in Venice in the seventeenth century. *Gioconda*, "a street ballad singer," as she is described, has fallen in love with Enzo, Prince of Santa-Fior, a Genoese noble, who appears in disguise as a Greek fisherman because his presence in Venice is proscribed. Enzo has come to Venice in search of Laura to whom he was formerly betrothed, but who has been since married to Alvise Badoero, one of the heads of the State Inquisition. The first act opens with a festive chorus in the grand courtyard of the Ducal Palace, where Badoero and his wife are living. The regatta is about to take place and the people hasten away to the sport. Upon this, according to old operatic tradition, enters Barnaba, who holds the unenviable post of a spy to the Inquisition, has conceived an unconquerable passion for *Gioconda*, and plays the part of Iago throughout the opera. While Barnaba is delivering himself of a soliloquy against things in general and *Gioconda* in particular, *Gioconda* appears with her blind mother, *La Cieca*. Barnaba watches the tender passages between mother and daughter with an evil eye behind a conveniently low wall, and, as *Gioconda* is about to leave her mother, throws himself in her way, an action which this vehement young person resents with the words, "Al diavol vanne colla tua chitarra," an expression calculated to unnerve a less desperate suitor. She escapes from Barnaba with a scream which naturally disturbs her blind mother, who takes refuge in prayer. Suddenly the chorus enters singing praises to the victor in the regatta in music which shows that Signor Ponchielli has not forgotten to study the score of *Der Freischütz*, especially in that part where

the chorus takes upon itself to taunt the vanquished competitor on his unsuccessfulness. Barnaba, who is present, recognizes a boatman, one Zuane, in the crowd and greets him, but is saluted in return with "Tinfocchi Satanasso," plainly showing the favour in which he is held by the populace. Nevertheless, Barnaba persuades the unfortunate boatman who has been defeated in the regatta, that La Cieca has used the arts of witchcraft to insure his defeat. By these means Barnaba incites the crowd to assault the poor blind woman and a turmoil ensues, in the midst of which Gioconda with Enzo appears, and while they endeavour to defend her the Governor and his wife Laura, who for some reason is masked, enter, and explanations follow. At the entreaty of Laura, who in spite of his disguise has recognized her lover Enzo, La Cieca is released. La Cieca in her gratitude gives the only thing she possesses, her rosary, to her deliverer, telling her at the same time that it will bring her a blessing. Barnaba, although he is foiled in the attempt, has noticed the fact that Laura has recognized Enzo; and, when he is left alone with the latter, he lets him know that he is discovered, and with great artfulness informs Enzo that he can bring Laura to his ship, and that they can sail away that night and be happy ever after. The foolish Enzo falls into the trap, and Barnaba takes care to inform Laura's husband of the intended abduction. Meanwhile Gioconda has overheard this conversation; and the first act closes with a carnival ballet and an ensemble accompanied by a chorus of monks chanting the "Angelus Domini."

The second act opens with a very effective chorus of sailors in the harbour where Enzo's ship is at anchor. Barnaba appears disguised as a fisherman, and sings a very pleasing song in that character; and, after some further talk of the approved operatic style—including a solo for Enzo, which Signor Marconi, who played the part, did his best to spoil by his excessive use of the tremolo—Barnaba introduces Laura, whom he has succeeded in enticing from her husband. The inevitable operatic love duet follows, and Enzo retires presumably to put the ship in order for sailing when Gioconda suddenly appears masked. A terrible quarrel ensues between Laura and her masked assailant Gioconda, who threatens Laura's life, but is arrested by the approach of the injured husband's gondola, which is seen in the distance. Laura in her despair resorts to the rosary which La Cieca has given her, and Gioconda on seeing it hands her mask to her rival and despatches her in her own gondola, thus saving Laura from discovery by her husband. On this Barnaba enters, and finds to his disgust that he has been foiled once again; and, while Gioconda and Enzo are altercationing, the Venetian galleys are seen approaching to destroy Enzo's ship, and the curtain falls as he sets fire to his craft.

The scene with which the third act opens is laid in the house of Alvise Badoero, Laura's husband. He has been baffled in detecting her in her crime, but he is nevertheless determined to punish her with death. After a painful interview, in which he accuses her of infidelity, he leaves her, telling her that before a certain chorus which some revellers are singing within has ended she must empty a vial of poison which he places on the table, or he will kill her himself. During this conversation Gioconda appears by the aid of a sliding panel in the wall, and overhears the conditions, and, when Alvise has left, urges Laura to drink a draught which she has brought with her. This throws Laura into a trance, and Gioconda pours the deadly poison into her own emptied flask. Alvise, on his return, finds the emptied vial with evident satisfaction, and looking behind a curtain where his wife, according to operatic tradition, has retired to die, seems somewhat affected at what he sees there. In spite of this awful tragedy, however, Alvise appears in the next scene in the character of a host at a ball, at which is danced a fantastic ballet called "Danza delle Ore," the music of which has been already heard at the Crystal Palace Concerts. This ballet is interrupted by Barnaba, who drags La Cieca into the hall, accompanied by Enzo and La Gioconda masked. Barnaba again accuses her of sorcery because she has been found in the house near the corpse of Laura; this disclosure leads Alvise to ask if he is gay who has the right to be gloomy, whereupon Enzo discloses his identity, and Alvise delivers him to the custody of Barnaba. On this, Gioconda, fearing the death of the man she loves, bribes Barnaba to allow him to escape, and promises to sacrifice herself and become his wife, a contract which Barnaba most willingly accepts. The act ends as, by Alvise's orders, a folding-door is opened which discloses Laura's lifeless body, surmounted by a huge cross, while Alvise describes the crime which she has thus expiated.

In the last act Gioconda, having become possessed of the lifeless body of Laura, goes through a scene which is remarkable for the intensity of its dramatic power. The early part is a soliloquy in which Mme. Durand, as Gioconda, discloses her astonishing power as a tragic actress. Gioconda has her rival entirely in her power, but her first thought is self-destruction, then rises the fearful temptation to do away with Laura, who is already acknowledged as dead, and then the reaction which saves her from the crime of murder. At this point Enzo enters, having escaped Alvise's vengeance by the aid of Barnaba, and announces to Gioconda that he is about to seek Laura's tomb and end his existence there; but when Gioconda informs him that she has removed the body, he, in a moment of fury, is about to stab her, when Laura's voice is heard, and she appears, recovered from her trance. After a scene in which Gioconda bids adieu to the now happy couple, Barnaba enters and claims his rights, and Gioconda, after putting him off until she has adorned herself for the bridal festival,

snatches up a dagger and stabs herself to death, exclaiming "E il corpo ti do!" Barnaba, as she dies, with malice indescribable, shouts in her ear that he has, in a fit of fury, strangled her mother, but Gioconda does not hear it, and the wretch, "with a cry of half-choked rage, rushes down the street."

Of Mme. Durand's performance of the part of La Gioconda we can speak with almost unqualified praise. Albeit her voice is somewhat worn, she proved herself a dramatic soprano of great value to the Italian Opera, and her acting, especially in the fourth act, in the soliloquy beginning with the dread word "Suicidio," showed her to be a tragic actress of really high rank. In the earlier acts we were inclined to think that she lacked force, but the reason of this disclosed itself as the last act was reached. The wild passion of the great soliloquy contrasting so marvellously with the coldness with which she met Enzo, the almost mad delight with which she met her lover's threat to kill her, the tenderness of her parting with the two grateful lovers, and the despair with which she was overcome at their departure, made up a piece of acting such as is seldom seen upon the stage of the Royal Italian Opera in London. Mlle. Tremelli's La Cieca was also a fine performance in spite of the fact that she indulged in some remarkable phrasing in her song in the first act, "Voce di donna"; while Mlle. Stahl, as Laura, sustained a very difficult part with much force, her quarrel with Gioconda in the second act being a thoroughly artistic performance. The Barnaba of Signor Cotogni was a highly thoughtful performance, and at times, especially at the end of the opera, reached an almost appalling effect; and that excellent singer Signor De Reszke's Alvise Badoero left little to be desired in the slight and somewhat uninteresting part which is allotted to him. The part of Enzo fell to Signor Marconi, who sang persistently with a disagreeable tremolo which is always irritating, and did not seem to have mastered the elements of acting.

Signor Ponchielli's music, as we have already hinted, cannot be said to be anything extraordinarily original, but it is pleasing and not irksome to listen to, and will doubtless attain the popularity it deserves. The composer is undoubtedly a disciple of Verdi, whose *Aida* seems to have been the pattern he has taken for the present work, and that he has succeeded in producing a pleasing work is not a matter of dispute. That he has adhered faithfully to the traditions of the Italian must not be brought as a charge against him, but we may say that his orchestration at times is weak, and that he has frequently laid himself open to the charge of plagiarism, especially in his perhaps unconscious imitation of Weber. The best numbers in the opera are perhaps the song for La Cieca, "Voce di donna," in the first act, Barnaba's song with chorus, and the duet between Gioconda and Laura in the second act, the ballet music, and Gioconda's solo in the fourth act, which for dramatic power is certainly remarkable as it was delivered by Mme. Durand.

Rossini's great opera *Guglielmo Tell* was lately substituted for *L'Etoile du Nord*, which, owing to the indisposition of Mme. Sembrich, could not be put upon the stage. On account, perhaps, of the fact that it was thus suddenly substituted, the performance was of a very unequal character on this occasion. Mme. Repetto, who acted Mathilde, was evidently not in good voice, as her intonation at times was very uncertain, while she seemed to be overweighed with the part. On the other hand, Mlle. Velmi, as Tell's son Jemmy, sang and acted with a vigour which was refreshing, especially in the scene with Tell and Gessler in the great square in Altorf. Again, another pleasing feature in the performance was Signor Cotogni's impersonation of Tell, which was full of dignity, pathos, and courage, both in the scene above mentioned and in the second act. As to the Arnoldo of Signor Mierzwinski, we may say that it would have been a better performance if the artist had forborne from shouting the music which is allotted to him, and if he did not make an unwarrantable use of the falsetto. The first fault may gain the approval of those who admire brute force, and the second may lead some into the error that this sort of singing is highly artistic; but if Signor Mierzwinski values the opinion of those who have not yet learnt to look upon bald declamation as singing he will moderate his performance as to these points. The orchestra was somewhat shaky, leading us to think that the changes made in that department this season have not been altogether for the better, but the chorus has improved both as to the singing and acting.

THE THEATRES.

IN anticipation of his projected tour in the United States, Mr. Irving is now presenting to the audiences at the Lyceum Theatre a very interesting series of revivals. In the range of melodrama he has already selected *The Bells* and *The Lyons Mail*, and the contrasted merits of the two performances afford a fair measure of the actor's power in depicting the passion and suffering that are associated with crime. A well-known critic, endowed with a curious felicity in definition, has lately said of Mr. Irving's art that it possesses in a rare degree the qualities of "delicacy and distinction." The observation is something more than a fortunate phrase, and its justice is aptly illustrated by the performances we have named. Even in melodrama, though Mr. Irving does not forget the conditions which this particular class of work imposes upon the artist, the refinement of his method is conspicuous. The careful elaboration of effect which marks his performance both of *Matthias* and of *Lesurques* will bear the test of the closest

scrutiny, and in the contrasted studies of innocence and remorse we are able to realize the keenness and subtlety of analysis which he bestows even upon commonplace types of character. For it is obviously true both of *The Bells* and of *The Lyons Mail* that the individuality of the principal figure upon the scene counts for little. The interest that we feel for either of them depends altogether upon the situation in which they are placed, and it is only by the skilful treatment of a single phase of emotion that the actor can hope to win the sympathy of the audience, or secure their faith in the reality of the story. The artificial framework of melodrama which surrounds this central situation must not be examined too nearly. It is a fabric that would be shattered by the touch of a too absolute realism, and we feel, therefore, that Mr. Irving shows a true instinct for the requirements of this kind of work when he avails himself in the representation of the piece of all the time-honoured and conventional accompaniments of melodrama. Any attempt to dispense with these adventitious aids to effect or to substitute a more naturalistic mode of treatment could only result in a painful exposure of the inherent weakness of the structure. And yet the defects of the play, which are obvious enough, are excused for the sake of the genuine interest that is excited in the fortunes of the principal character. Here the audience feels upon firm ground, and the improbability of subordinate incidents in the plot is readily forgiven and forgotten in the enjoyment of a subtle piece of acting. The alternation of the parts of Lesurques and Dubosc, the two men whose strange resemblance supplies the motive of the drama, is an element in the performance which naturally lays hold of the popular imagination, but it is not its most significant feature. This is a kind of triumph which a less gifted actor could command, although it may be admitted that the double assumption is maintained with singular consistency and with but little mechanical help. Mr. Irving depends almost entirely upon his natural resources as an actor for preserving the distinct identity of the two characters; and, indeed, the rapidity of the changes would often allow insufficient time for elaboration of "make-up" or costume. Nor would any violent contrast in outward appearance be justified by the plot. The difference between the two men must not be obvious to the audience, seeing that it escapes detection at the hands of those who are upon the stage; and in this respect, therefore, the actor rightly relies upon those deeper elements of portraiture that betray radical differences of nature.

But, after all is said, it is not the fact of a double assumption that gives to Mr. Irving's performance its principal charm. An actor may be supposed to be able to impersonate two distinct types of character, and that he should exhibit this power within the limits of a single drama is in itself not very much. The question of the quality of the interpretation still remains for settlement; and, even if the actor had undertaken half a dozen parts instead of two, his versatile energy could not be held to affect our judgment of the value of any one of them. Nor is it by the exercise of such versatility that Mr. Irving really holds his audience. This he accomplishes less through the wonder that is awakened by reason of a rapid transition from one rôle to another than by the respect which is felt to be due to a careful and masterly study of a difficult situation. The hardened villainy of Dubosc makes, after all, no very great demand upon an actor of experience and resource. It is here presented with admirable effect, and with a sense of conviction that seems to give coherence and consistency to what might otherwise remain a crude and extravagant picture; but even in less capable hands the impersonation of such a character could scarcely miss success. With the portrait of Lesurques the case stands very differently. The personality of the man himself is carelessly defined by the dramatist. Until he becomes involved in the strange suspicion of a terrible crime, even Mr. Irving can scarcely arouse the interest of the audience; but when once this point is reached, the power with which he exhibits the conflicting emotions of the scene serves to endow the character with a full and complete vitality. And it is here that we recognize what "An Old Playgoer" has happily defined as the delicacy and distinction of Mr. Irving's method. It would be easy in such circumstances to make an effective display of conscious innocence; it is more difficult to render the painful embarrassment of the situation in such a way that it is hardly distinguishable from guilt. From the moment the terrible accusation is levelled against him, Lesurques betrays the absolute helplessness of his position. The very fact of his innocence seems to deprive him of the plausibility that a practised criminal might command. His blameless life has left him wholly unprepared to combat suspicion, he is weak even in the energy of his denial, and is so entangled in the web which circumstances have woven round him that even the audience are almost cheated into the belief that they have missed the motive of the plot. It is only by degrees, and when the full weight of the case against him has been made out, that Lesurques resumes a fearless bearing and recovers his self-possession. While his interests might be served by the outward show of innocence, he is weak and embarrassed; but when his plight is desperate, and his guilt seems clearly proved, the native dignity of the man is re-established. This, as we know, is admirably true to nature, but its reproduction by the means of art implies a degree of refinement and perception that are not commonly possessed by an actor of melodrama; and that the result depends upon no mere accident of the actor's personality, but is the reward of careful and intelligent study, we may convince ourselves by a reference to those earlier performances in which Mr. Irving has had to treat of different aspects of crime. We

have already mentioned *The Bells*, and to this may be added the no less remarkable impersonation of Eugene Aram. The three portraits taken together show the scope as well as the subtlety of the actor's resources. There is between them no violence of contrast, and yet the emotions that belong to each separate conception are clearly and sharply distinguished. The guilt of Matthias, the common malefactor, is not to be confused with the worthier remorse that wins our respect for the sufferings of Eugene Aram, and both are clearly marked off from the involuntary assumption of a guilty bearing that for a while obscures the innocence of Lesurques. In the most effective scene in *The Lyons Mail*, Mr. Irving suffers somewhat from imperfect support. Mr. Mead, as the aged father, enjoys the advantage of a picturesque appearance, but he is unable to render the character credible to the audience. The situation, it must be confessed, is not without difficulty, and however the part might be played, there would perhaps remain some sense of improbability in the fact of a parent so readily joining in the accusation against his son. The difficulty, however, would be in part at least surmounted if the actor could succeed in convincing the audience that he was himself convinced, and if he could show himself so completely possessed by the vivid recollection of the crime as to be incapable for the moment of any other consideration. But Mr. Mead, on the contrary, preserves throughout the interview something of a severe and judicial air which gives to the course he adopts a suggestion of vindictive cruelty. In other respects the piece is admirably played. Mr. Fernandez and Mr. Terriss do all that can be done with the parts entrusted to them, and Miss Ellen Terry affords valuable assistance by her earnest presentation of a character that few leading actresses would have consented to undertake. She has certainly proved that the boasted quality of self-effacement is by no means the exclusive possession of the French stage.

A leading representative of modern Parisian theatre has been performing during the week at Mr. Hollingshead's house in the Strand. Mme. Judic, who is but little known in England, has brought over with her the troupe of the Variétés, including MM. Dupuis and Lassouche. The pieces she has played are essentially French in motive and treatment and are presumably already familiar to most of those who crowd the boxes and stalls at the Gaiety. *Niniche*, which has been played during the latter part of the week, may indeed be said to belong by this time to ancient history. Its production dates from the time of the International Exhibition, but it still affords an opportunity for the effective display of the actress's talent, although it may be noted that the present caste suffers through the absence of one distinguished name. Baron, as the Comte Corniski, was in every way the superior of M. Georges. His courtly and aristocratic bearing gave line point to the extravagant humours of the aged diplomatist, and for the higher qualities of his art the somewhat obvious comedy of the new exponent of the part is but a very sorry substitute. M. Lassouche, an admirable actor, who is never betrayed into anticipating the laughter his performance evokes, is still inimitable as Anatole, nor has time taken anything from the grace and charm of Mme. Judic herself. In this respect she contrasts very favourably as an artist with Mme. Chaumont, who has fallen into an extravagance of style that often borders on vulgarity. We use the word here in its artistic sense, for in regard to the substance of the performance it would not be possible in either case to claim the merit of absolute refinement. *Niniche*, as well as *Lili*, in which Mme. Judic has also appeared, sails very near the wind that may be supposed to propel the frail bark of the Lord Chamberlain, but it nevertheless remains true of the actress, if not of the play, that the refinement of her style is still uninjured. Perhaps her chief fascination depends upon the delicacy and skill with which she renders the songs with which both pieces are interspersed. For acting in the higher sense of the term such dramatic compositions scarcely afford an opportunity, and yet when the occasion occurs Mme. Judic proves that she possesses a genuine artistic instinct.

The energy shown by M. Mayer in the importation of the French drama is proved in the long and varied programme which he has this year prepared for his patrons, and the growing familiarity of English playgoers with the achievements of the French stage is at the same time curiously illustrated by the fact that even at a house so characteristically English as Mr. Toole's a success has been obtained by a lively burlesque of the style of a French actress. Mme. Bernhardt's representation of *Fedora* has found its way into English burlesque through the medium of the English adaptation now being played at the Haymarket. Mr. Burnand's skit upon the piece is sufficiently harmless and good-humoured, and the imitations of individual actors are not ill-natured. The piece affords obvious enjoyment to the public, who seem always ready to laugh at what they have admired, and seeing that works of much higher worth than *Fedora* have been submitted to this kind of treatment, it would be late in the day to complain of the audacity of burlesque.

RECENT RACING.

AFTER the very important function known as the Derby Setting, which took place at Tattersall's on the Monday that followed the Epsom Summer Meeting, it was stated that the betting on the late Derby had been much lighter than usual. We need not flatter ourselves that the days of "plunging" are over;

but it is pleasant to hear that less money than usual has been transferred from the pockets of gentlemen into those of professional bookmakers. It is often urged in defence of betting that a number of honest bookmakers live by it; but those who make the steadiest and the largest incomes are not always the men who make the largest bets. A bettor who makes a very heavy book cannot always "get round" to the full amount against every starter in a race, and consequently his business is speculative, which can hardly be said of that of the moderate and careful bookmaker. While speaking of professional betting, we may notice the curious Australian custom of registering bookmakers and charging a fee for so doing. It has been stated that the Victoria Racing Club taxes every bookmaker 25*l.* a year, and makes thereby an annual income of about 3,000*l.* What the English Jockey Club might make if it were to license every bookmaker at a fee of 25*l.* we fear to contemplate, and Mr. Gladstone might have done much towards paying the expenses of the Egyptian war by adopting the practice.

The Jockey Club has often been taunted with inactivity and excessive conservatism, but last month it surprised the world by a piece of unprecedented action. Mr. Peck, the celebrated trainer, sent a notice to Messrs. Weatherby, instructing them to scratch his horses from all their handicaps. Almost immediately after the receipt of this notice the Jockey Club publicly instructed Messrs. Weatherby in the *Racing Calendar* to decline in future to accept any entries for handicaps from Mr. Peck. This action on the part of the Jockey Club met with considerable criticism. On the one hand it was contended that Mr. Peck's conduct was an insult to the Club, as well as an attempt to coerce the handicappers, and that the Stewards of the Club were perfectly right in punishing the offender and protecting their officials; on the other it was objected that Mr. Peck had as much right as any other owner to scratch his horses, and that in principle there was no greater offence in scratching a hundred horses than in scratching one. It was even questioned by some people whether, if Mr. Peck were to offer to enter a horse for one of the handicaps advertised by Messrs. Weatherby, and be refused, he might not be able to obtain redress in a court of law, although the notice advertised in the *Racing Calendar* prohibiting Mr. Peck's horses from any of Messrs. Weatherby's handicaps seemed to provide against this contingency. Happily all difficulties were ended by a letter from Mr. Peck, after which the Jockey Club withdrew its prohibition. The case, however, may be quoted in future as a precedent; and, although it may soon be forgotten, it will remain a very curious episode in the history of the Turf. About the same time that this matter was being discussed two other decisions of the Jockey Club excited considerable comment. In one case a horse that had belonged to a person who had been suspected of attempting fraud was permitted to run in the hands of a new owner, on the ground that, while his former owner had attempted a fraud, and was consequently warned off the Turf, the horse was not *per se* disqualified, because he had not been the instrument of an actual and completed fraud. In the other case, an owner who was detected in a malpractice was called upon to refund not only the stakes that his horse had won on or after the occasion of his misdemeanour, but also every stake that that horse had ever won in times gone by, before the perpetration of the fraud. Both cases depended upon the interpretation of Rule 50 in the Rules of Racing.

For those who are not afraid of risking two chances of seasickness for one day's amusement, and have no scruples about going to races on a Sunday, there are few pleasanter racing expeditions than that to the Grand Prix de Paris. Although it takes place at the extreme end of the Paris season, being, in fact, its closing scene, Paris is still very full, and there is no season of the year at which it looks more beautiful. The complete absence of rowdiness is very refreshing after Epsom, and the pleasant drive from Paris to the racecourse in the Bois de Boulogne is a great contrast to the scramble at Waterloo, the overcrowded railway-carriage, and the dusty drive from the station which characterize a visit from London to Epsom or Ascot Races. English people who take an interest in men and women, as well as in horses and mares, may entertain themselves on the day of the Grand Prix by seeing many celebrities at Longchamps whom they rarely have opportunities of seeing elsewhere, and French horse-owners, grooms, and bookmakers are all amusing specimens of the human species. We hear much in England about "gate-money" meetings. The money return at the gates of the course at Longchamps last Sunday is said to have amounted to 13,222*l.* 10*s.*

More than half the interest of the Grand Prix, from a racing point of view, is generally centred in "le champion Anglais," who was to appear on this occasion in St. Blaise, the winner of the English Derby. It is not exactly a compliment to the French Turf that the English are usually prepared to lay odds on their champion against the field, but such a condition of the market is found convenient to French betting-books. This year our countrymen had a very high opinion of the chance of their horse, and, as the winner of the French Derby was to oppose him, the contest promised to be one of unusual interest. There seemed to be no doubt that St. Blaise had improved in a wonderful manner since the Two Thousand, and there was no saying how good he might not yet be made. Still, he had had to gallop very hard to beat Highland Chief in the Derby, nor had Galliard

been far behind him, and when the three-year-olds of the season run very close together, as they have done this year both in the Two Thousand and the Derby, it is generally pretty safe to assume that none of them are horses of very exceptional merit. This might have been a comforting reflection to the French on the late occasion, if it had not been qualified by the fact that their own three-year-olds had run quite as close a Derby as the English. Moreover, the winner of the French Derby had had the advantage of Archer's jockeyship in that race, and now the famous jockey was to ride his English opponent, St. Blaise. It may be interesting for a moment to refer to the English official handicapper's estimate of the relative merits of St. Blaise and Frontin before the decisions of the two Derbies. For the Free Handicap, the former was weighed at 8 st. 3 lbs. and the latter at 8 st. 4 lbs. Their victories, however, materially altered their relative weights; for, according to the conditions of the handicap, which provided for both contingencies, St. Blaise was then equal to 9 st. 2 lbs. and Frontin to 8 st. 7 lbs. As regarded the question whether Frontin was likely to beat all his native competitors there was some difference of opinion; for, although he had won the French Derby by a neck, the rider of Farfadet, who had run second, objected to his receiving the stakes on the ground of a jostle. The Stewards had overruled the objection, but many people continued not the less to believe that Farfadet would have won the French Derby if he had had fair play.

Only eight horses went to the post. Exactly the same number ran for the Grand Prix last year, when it was won by Bruce. There were no false starts, and two unimportant horses made the running for the first half-mile. Then Count Lagrange's Derviche, who had got off badly, went to the front and made the running for his stable companion, Farfadet, for the next mile. Frontin kept gradually improving his position, while St. Blaise followed him on the opposite side. A quarter of a mile from home Frontin and St. Blaise came forward, the former maintaining the lead. A grand race then followed. As Cannon was riding Frontin and Archer was riding St. Blaise, it was an English race as far as the jockeys were concerned. Few jockeys on the Turf should know more of each other's tactics than Archer and Cannon, as they have ridden many a hard-fought race together. On this occasion Archer kept creeping up, inch by inch, with the winner of the English Derby, but it was to no purpose, as Cannon held his lead resolutely on Frontin up to the winning-post, and won by a head, to the intense delight of the French spectators. Farfadet was third, three lengths behind St. Blaise. Although bred out of England, Frontin is by an English horse out of a mare purchased in England. George Frederick, his sire, won the English Derby in 1874, and Frolicsome, his dam, was bought at the sale of the Cobham Stud. Frontin is one of the many examples of successful in-breeding to Touchstone. Cannon has now ridden the winner in the Grand Prix on four occasions. The stakes were worth several hundred pounds more than those of the late English Derby. Although the Grand Prix was exceptionally interesting, it had no effect with regard to the St. Leger, as none of the horses that ran in it are entered for that race. For once in a way, the weather was better in England than in Paris on Sunday last.

It is not difficult to travel from Paris to Ascot between the conclusion of the Grand Prix and the opening race of the Royal meeting; but it seems a pity that the most important three-year-old race at Ascot should be run on the Tuesday, for two days is a very short time in which to expect a horse to recover from a severe race, and take a long journey including a sea voyage. In a general way horses may be said to be precluded from running both in the Grand Prix and the Prince of Wales's Stakes; but, if the latter race were to take place on the Friday of the Ascot meeting, horses that had run on the previous Sunday in Paris might take part in it with fair hopes of success.

Yet the management of few, if any, race-meetings is so little open to criticism as that of Ascot. From the beginning to the end of the meeting there are races worth competing for; there is never a slack day during the whole racing week, and there is rarely a dull hour. The fourteen thousand pounds and more that are given to be run for, in addition to the stakes, attract the best race-horses in the world, and no meeting offers such rich prizes as Ascot. At Goodwood the sum given in added money does not amount to half of that added at Ascot, and during the five days' racing at the important Newmarket Houghton Meeting, when the entrances to the fund are deducted, the bonus comes to something less than a quarter of that of Ascot. The only race-meeting which at all approaches Ascot in the matter of money added to stakes is Manchester, where, at the summer meeting, between eight and nine thousand pounds are given to be run for; but even this is a long way below the fourteen thousand of the Royal meeting. This year Ascot has had a new race in the Orange Cup, value 600*l.*, given by the King of the Netherlands, and added to a sweepstakes of 20*l.* each, for horses bred in Great Britain and Ireland, belonging to, and trained and ridden by, British subjects, weight-for-age, with penalties and allowances, the distance being three miles. A race confined to national horses is quite a novelty in this country. The details of the racing at Ascot must be dealt with on a future occasion.

REVIEWS.

THE GOLDEN CHERSONESE.*

THE wild places of the earth have an irresistible attraction for Miss Bird. In her eyes ancient empires and modern states have no charms to be compared for a moment with the wild scenery of Northern climes, or the luxuriant primeval forests of tropical lands. So intense is her enthusiasm for everything uncivilized that, like Titania, she is ready "to pursue with the soul of love" every inhabitant of the wilds, whether "lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, meddling monkey, or busy ape." Men, by the same desire to rebel against the restraints of society, are driven to the Himalayas for tiger-shooting and to Central Africa in search of lions, but it is seldom that a lady is so oppressed by the irksomeness of civilization as to wish to exchange the companionship of her natural associates for that of savages and wild beasts, or has the strength and courage to face the difficulties and dangers inseparable from such undertakings. But to Miss Bird hardships and perils, far from having any deterring effect, present positive attractions, and when, therefore, after her residence among the hairy Ainos of Yedo, she grew tired of comparatively prosaic China, she looked about for new worlds to conquer.

While staying at Hongkong and Canton she, however, consented to inspect all that the brand-new colony and the ancient "City of the Rams" had to show, and in her usual bright and picturesque style she describes all that attracted her attention. She speaks with delight of the climate, scenery, and flora of Hongkong, and with admiration of the rapid strides the colony has made in wealth and importance. The presence among so much enlightenment of a native hospital in which "the surgery and medicine are totally uninfluenced by European science, and are of the most antiquated and barbaric description," filled her with surprise, and the sights she there saw would no doubt have shocked her had she not lately come from visiting the Chinese prisons at Canton. Those who are under the impression that the description given by Wingrove Cook of those same dens a quarter of a century ago has ceased to apply will be undeceived by Miss Bird's account of what she actually saw. In duty bound, she visited also the execution-ground on the Ma-t'ow, or landing-stage—lit. "Horse's head"—and gives the usually accepted derivation of the name from the horse-head-like shape of the jetty. But it may be doubted whether a better and a truer explanation may not be found for it. In some parts of the country, and notably in the Canton province, it is customary at a certain period in autumn for the people to sacrifice horses on the banks of the rivers and to throw the dismembered parts of the animals into the streams. At whatever spots the heads are washed ashore there the natives erect shrines, known as Horse-head (Ma-t'ow) shrines. As the fact of the heads drifting aground marks the presence of a shelving shore, such spots would naturally commend themselves as sites for landing-places, and hence doubtless the name.

The intervention of a short visit to Saigon, on the way to Singapore from Hongkong, was perhaps opportune as proving to Miss Bird that everything Oriental is not equally delightful. The intense heat, the voracious mosquitoes, and the prevailing dullness and despondency of the French colony made the few hours the steamer stayed there all too long; and it is not too much to suppose that the other passengers shared Miss Bird's pleasure when the ship "steamed down the palm-fringed Saigon or Donnai waters, and through the mangrove swamps at the mouths of the Mekong river, and past the lofty Cape St. Jacques, with its fort, into the open China Sea." At Singapore Miss Bird was once again in the midst of thoroughly congenial surroundings. The wonderful profusion with which nature has showered her gifts on this part of the world gives it a special charm to all those who can appreciate the beauty of hills and valleys, trees and shrubs, flowers and fruits, while the strange collection of nations, languages, and tongues which is attracted thither by the commercial advantages of the island give even to the alleys and streets of the business quarters a picturesqueness which is never seen except in the East. "Every Oriental costume," writes Miss Bird, "from the Levant to China floats through the streets—robes of silk, satin, brocade, and white muslin, emphasized by the glitter of 'barbaric gold'; and Parsees in spotless white, Jews and Arabs in dark rich silks; Klings in Turkey red and white; Bombay merchants in great white turbans, full trousers, and draperies, all white with crimson silk girdles; Malays in red sarongs; Sikhs in pure white Madras muslin, their great height rendered nearly colossal by the classic arrangement of their draperies; and Chinamen of all classes, from the coolie in his blue or brown cotton to the wealthy merchant in his frothy silk crêpe and rich brocade, make up an irresistibly fascinating medley."

On arriving at Singapore Miss Bird had no other intention than to proceed directly homewards; but, contrary to the dictum of Shakespeare's Rosalind that a "woman's thought runs before her action," Miss Bird's enterprises, if they do not run before her thoughts, at least keep pace with them. And when, therefore, an opportunity occurred to visit the Malay Peninsula, she, without a moment's hesitation or delay, embarked on the new venture. The first point at which she touched the "Golden Chersonese" of the early geographers was Malacca, one of the oldest European towns

of the East, around which cling memories which are sanctified by association with Francis Xavier. From 1511 to 1641 the Portuguese held possession of the town, and much that was done under their sway certainly needs some sanctifying influence to palliate its atrocity. The story is told that when in 1641 the Dutch captured the city, the triumphant commander tauntingly asked the vanquished Portuguese commandant, "When will your countrymen retake the town?" "When your sins are greater than ours," was the sententious and contrite reply. For this exchange of national virtues the Dutch waited in vain until 1824, when they made way for the East India Company, which had already acquired Penang, the Province of Wellesley, and Singapore. In 1867 these diminutive colonies were incorporated as the Straits Settlements, and since that time their prosperity has increased by leaps and bounds. In 1881 their population exceeded four hundred and twenty-two thousand souls, and in 1880 their exports and imports amounted to 32,353,000*l*.

Two main causes have conducted to this favourable condition of things—namely, the existence of vast mines of tin and other metals and the consequent presence of an enormous Chinese population. Throughout the whole peninsula tin, gold, and precious stones are found in large quantities; but so listless and unenterprising are the natives that, were it not for the Chinese settlers, these riches would be allowed to remain undisturbed. As it is, the Chinamen come in their thousands, banded together in societies formed for mutual protection and help, and thus strong and self-reliant possess themselves of all that is worth having in the country, leaving to the thriftless Malay the bare wages which make living possible. No visitor to the Straits Settlements can fail to observe the predominance exercised by Chinamen both in the towns and country districts, and the Census proves that, were they not a peaceable and easily-governed people, their numbers would be a standing menace to their fellow-inhabitants. At Singapore, out of a total population of 139,208, 86,766 are Chinese. At Malacca the European population reaches a total of 32, while the Chinese number 19,741. At other places a like proportion is maintained. But, notwithstanding the power which numbers thus put into their hands, they yield a ready obedience to the law, and cordially support the English officials in the work of administration.

As yet little or nothing is known of the interior and eastern side of the peninsula. Geographers tell us that it is eight hundred miles long, and from sixty to a hundred and fifty miles broad, and beyond question a granitic chain of mountains runs down its centre, but this is the sum of our information about the country beyond the limits of our settlements on the western coast. All these Miss Bird visited, and found abundant gratification for her sense of the beauties of nature and pleasure in adventure in the luxuriant forests, peopled with tigers, monkeys, panthers, and snakes; the rivers bristling with alligators, and laden with febrile miasmas; and the intense heat to which even she was on one occasion compelled to yield. Owing to the constant moisture—it is said that rain falls at least once in three days throughout the year—the vegetation is profuse to a degree, and the fauna generally is both varied and numerous. It is in these products of nature that the chief interest in the peninsula centres. The natives are not attractive specimens of humanity. The Malays, who number less than a half of the whole population, have little to commend them to unprejudiced eyes. Their civilization is of a very low order, and amounts to little more than a confused knowledge of Mahomedan doctrines and laws, a smattering of Arabic, and a certain skill in some of the simpler arts, such as house-building, the working of gold, and the damascening of kris. Contrary to Miss Bird's opinion, they are by most people considered treacherous, and the unpleasant habit they have of "running amuck" makes them at all times possibly dangerous neighbours. "When the cry 'amok! amok!' is raised, people," writes Miss Bird, "fly to the right and left for shelter, for after the blinded madman's kris has once drank blood, his fury becomes ungovernable, his sole desire is to kill; he strikes here and there; men fall along his course; he stabs fugitives in the back, his kris drips blood, he rushes on yet more wildly, blood and murder in his course; there are shrieks and groans, his bloodshot eyes start from their sockets, his frenzy gives him unnatural strength; then all of a sudden he drops, shot through the heart, or from sudden exhaustion, clutching his bloody kris even in the act of rendering up his life." When such madmen break loose in a British settlement the police make every effort to capture them alive in order to have them tried as common murderers—a rational and cold-blooded course which has had a most wholesome deterrent effect on the people. To effect such captures without unnecessary danger to the capturers the police use large two-pronged pitchforks, with which they pin the murderers to the wall, and keep them in that position until their frenzy has expended itself, and they are in a position to be led off tamely to prison.

The Orang-Utan, or "Men of the Wood," Orang Benua, "Men of the Country," Orang Laut, "Men of the Sea," and Samanga, which make up the remainder of the non-foreign population, are little removed from savages. Their features are of the lowest type, as the engraving on p. 14 of the present work testifies; and one is tempted to repeat in their case the verdict of the midshipman on the South Sea Islanders, "they have no manners, and their customs are beastly." But though the peninsula cannot boast of any archaeological remains, ancient ruins, or existing buildings of interest, there is always much in districts where nature has been bountiful to gratify so ardent a sightseer as Miss Bird. She

* *The Golden Chersonese, and the Way Thither.* By Isabella L. Bird. London: John Murray. 1883.

travelled in native boats, on the backs of elephants, in buggies and on horseback, through many miles of dense jungle; she invaded Malay huts and made herself at home in Rajahs' palaces; she ate elephant-trunk, tasted tiger flesh, and sat down to a formal dinner in company with two monkeys. To accomplish all this she had to encounter hardships and inconveniences which required indomitable courage to face. Mosquitoes and the extreme heat were found most difficult to endure, and against them no adequate protection could be discovered. Curtains were of no avail against the first, and her attempt to find relief from the heat "by thinking of Mull and powdery snow" was equally futile, for

who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

It is almost unnecessary to say that the present volume is well written, but from the nature of its subject it is not as interesting as some of Miss Bird's previous works. After all there is not much to tell about the Malay peninsula, and there are evidences in the pages of *The Golden Chersonese* that the authoress has exhausted her resources of information for the benefit of her readers.

LOFTIE'S HISTORY OF LONDON.*

(Second Notice.)

THE struggle for the liberties of London was greatly prolonged and complicated by the fact that it was twofold, being carried on against an oligarchy within the City walls as well as against a King outside. This oligarchy consisted of a dozen great City families, "churls who called themselves barons," as Henry III. taunted them; among them were the Basings, who occupied what is now called Basinghall Ward and the parish of St. Michael; the Hadstocks, who once gave their name to the ward of Castle Baynard; the Farringdons; the Fitz Aylwines, who owned the parish of St. Stephen; the Becketts, who came from Rouen and held land north of Chepe, where now stands Mercers' Hall (St. Thomas was thus of a good old City stock); the Bukerels, whose name survives in Bucklersbury (they are said to have come from Italy); the Pountneys, who occupied the old site of the Roman fort; the Bats, the Coventrys, the Rokeleys, the Blounts, the Adrians, and the Cornhills. Out of the estates of these City Barons were formed, and at first named, the wards; thus the ward of Cheap was that of Henry le Frowyk; Broad Street, of William Bukerel; Vintry, of Henry le Covintre; Wallbrook of John Adrian; and so on, the head of the family for the time being Alderman of his own ward. These great estates did not, however, cover by any means the whole area of the City; there were also the monastic buildings, with their gardens, already spoken of; and, next, there were certain sokes or liberties, some of which became afterwards separate wards, while others were gradually absorbed. The ward of Cornhill was at first the soken of the Bishop of London; outside Aldgate the Knechten-gild had a soken which became Portsoken Ward; and the Cathedral church of St. Paul's had a soken within its own precincts. These great families ruled London by means of the Merchant Guild, the great guild of the City. This body had complete control of the revenue and trade regulations, and so long as it was held by the great families, they could do what they pleased in the City and with the craftsmen. Against their tyranny the folk struggled in vain for long; craft guilds were formed for the protection of trades, but they found themselves bitterly opposed by those whose interest it was to keep wages low and hours long; in many cases, indeed, they were suppressed as soon as formed. It is the old story; the people by co-operation can do whatever they please; without it they can do nothing. The more intelligent among them perceived this, and began, timidly at first, but afterwards with more persistence, to put forward men of their own class. In the year of Magna Charta, for instance, it is no longer a Bukerel, an Adrian, a Coventry, a Basing, or a Blunt, but plain Serle the Mercer who is elected mayor. Under Thomas FitzThomas, the first of a long line of great and far-seeing mayors, the people were systematically taught to use their own power and to elect their own representatives. His career has been fully described by one of the opposite party, and with the greatest prejudice. He is especially accused of pampering the populace, and of taking their vote by acclamation instead of consulting the aldermen. When Simon de Montfort made his great march from Reading to Dover, Thomas FitzThomas, who was on his side, organized the citizens by their wards, dismissed all aliens, enrolled the commons by thousands, appointed vigilance committees, and looked on with complacency while the people destroyed houses which had been built on common land, and opened up lanes where the right of way had been closed by wealthy or powerful persons. It was he who legalized the new trade guilds and exhorted the people to organize themselves by their handicrafts. It was none other than the brave Thomas who, when Henry III. held a solemn court in St. Paul's, renewed his oath of fidelity in the following terms:—"My Lord, so long as unto us you will be a good lord and king, we will be faithful and dutiful to you." The King nursed his wrath, and when the opportunity came took his revenge, and, by violating a promise of safe conduct, got possession of this bold mayor, and never let him go again.

The first City martyr, Longbeard, died without much profit to the people; Thomas FitzThomas, for his part, kindled a fire which has never been extinguished. It was mainly by his exertions that, towards the end of the fourteenth century, the old system had practically fallen into decay, and the citizens were getting free to grow rich in their own way—that is to say, by the machinery of the City Companies, and without the obstruction of Bukerels and Blunts, of whom, in London itself, little more is heard. In fact, FitzThomas first made the people feel their own power.

There had been guilds in the City from very ancient times; some of them were religious, some were social, some were mercantile, and others were trade guilds. The weavers, for instance, had a charter from Henry I., enacting that no man should exercise their trade in London or Southwark unless he were a member of their guild. In the reign of Edward I. this guild seems to have resolved itself into drapers, tailors, and linen armourers. Another ancient guild was that of the saddlers, which was connected with the church of St. Martin le Grand, and seems to have been wholly religious. The bakers, the shoemakers, and the goldsmiths were also old guilds. The successor of Thomas FitzThomas was one Walter Hervey, who, on the accession of Edward I., assumed, as chief of the City Executive, the right to grant charters of incorporation to the craftsmen. And, though the old family party were still strong enough to annul his charters and for a time break up the Companies, in the following reign charters were granted by the King himself which could not be set aside or disregarded. It is to this Walter Hervey, now so completely forgotten that even the time and manner of his death are unknown, that Mr. Loftie assigns the honour of making the ultimate victory over the oligarchy possible. We have no space to follow the historian at length through the troubled yet most important period of the first two Edwards. Under the first the City lost her mayor, and was ruled by a governor of the King's appointment—his rule seems to have been singularly firm and wise—for a period of seven or eight years; then, on a payment of 23,000 marks, the mayor was restored. The Fishmongers pretend to have received a charter from Edward I., but no such charter has been preserved. Probably during this long reign the various Companies were learning the necessity and the best methods of organization. The reign of Edward II. was disastrous to London as well as to the country. The King made and deposed mayors; the citizens became strong partisans and bitter opponents of the Displacers; the executive arm was weak; the streets were perambulated by marauders; there was fighting among the trades; the Bishop of Exeter was murdered by a mob; the Black Friars, who had espoused the cause of the King's favourites, were obliged to fly for their lives; for a whole year the mayor did not dare to hold his hustings. Better times followed with a better king. Southwark, which had been the refuge of thieves and villains, was made over to the City in fee-farm; order was restored; tournaments were held; there were rejoicings over naval victories; wealthy citizens made great benefactions to the Church, gifts to the King, and large alms to the poor; and the Companies, if not all possessed of the Royal Charter, began to be fully recognized:—

Exclusiveness and monopoly were, of course, the objects of each society thus formed. They desired to regulate trade and also to regulate traders. They fixed the prices. They fixed the methods of manufacture. They made rules as to the conduct and even the dress of their members. It is apparent that to do this effectually they required to have power to forbid all interference from without. No one must carry on their trade who was not of their mystery. It will be remembered how the charters of Walter Hervey were superseded by the want of this power. The royal charters conferred it—though it may be doubted whether the mayor's charter might not legally have been quite as efficient—and every new company as it was formed sought for the distinction of a grant from the King himself. Edward's constant wars made every windfall welcome, and batches of charters seem to synchronise with great expeditions. What Richard I., seeking money for his crusade, did for English cities, Edward III., gathering armies against Scotland and France, did for the mercantile communities. The companies included in every case the greater merchants. The most eminent members of the city governing body—the aldermen—joined them, and in a very few years they were able not only to control trade, but also to control the corporation.

The halls of the new Companies speedily rose conspicuous among the houses of the merchants. Many of them were simply the palaces of the old families. The regulations made by the new bodies for their respective trades were solemnly confirmed at the Guildhall, and though their action was in too many cases tyrannical, there can be little doubt that, on the whole, they wielded their enormous power for the good of the City, and especially for the prevention of fraud and adulteration. They made the mistake, common in all ages, of supposing that good laws act of themselves without the honesty of officers and the co-operation of the people, and they made the further mistake of supposing that cruel and excessive punishments, or threats of them, would produce a deterrent effect. In that age of quick temper and violent action it was thought a sufficient protection for the majesty of the law that he who struck an alderman or a sheriff should have his right hand lopped off. Yet many there were who struck an alderman, and when the block and axe were ready, the injured alderman, who was generally a soft-hearted creature, was prepared to beg for a remission of the sentence on submission and humble apology. The final glory of the City Companies was reached when King Edward III. himself joined the Company of Linen Armourers.

From Edward III. to Henry VI. was a golden time for the City of London, with the exception of a short and disagreeable episode in which Richard II. took to asking the merchants for blank

* *A History of London*. By W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A., Author of "Round about London" &c. With Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Edward Stanford. 1883.

cheques. Then came the Wars of the Roses, at the close of which the Londoners espoused and carried the cause of Edward, their loyalty being greatly stimulated by his alliance with Burgundy, which opened up again a great trade between England and the Low Countries.

With the establishment of the Companies the City of London was left free to carry on its own trade in its own way; but there were plenty of troubles ahead; the Companies, when they came to have absolute power in the City, were not always careful of the people. The case of the Fishmongers in the year 1384 is one in point. Kings imposed fines and extorted loans; there were visitations of plague, fire, and civil war; there was burning of heretics; but the liberty of the City was assured. Of London under Elizabeth Mr. Loftie draws a most graphic and interesting picture. For this purpose he has been able to use the valuable materials recently gathered by the New Shakespeare Society. No sovereign was ever more popular, and, under none of Elizabeth's predecessors had the City been more prosperous; as the trade of Flanders under Spanish misrule decayed, so that of London increased. Merchant adventurers formed companies with ambitious designs, and obtained charters; benevolences were abolished and crown debts paid; the coinage was reformed; to show their gratitude the citizens found thirty ships and ten thousand sailors to meet the Armada when Elizabeth asked for only half that number of ships and men. After the victory it was at St. Paul's that the Queen attended the solemn service of thanksgiving; and, a few years before Elizabeth died, another thanksgiving service was held for the Queen's long reign. When at length she died, the grief of the City was marked in a most lively manner, with "such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping, as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man." Beneath all this external prosperity, patriotism, and loyalty, there was, however, a good deal of discontent with the rich Companies who ruled the City; the craftsmen were prohibited from holding assemblies, or agitating for raised wages; and there was already formed the lower stratum of rascality which belongs to every great city.

As regards the population at various periods there is great uncertainty. Hallam thinks that in the twelfth century there were no more than 40,000, which is certainly a very low estimate. In the fourteenth it is asserted that in one year 50,000 died of the plague. This, if Hallam is at all near the mark, would be absurd, because the City could not have grown so enormously in two hundred years as to admit of so enormous a loss and yet to recover. Again, during the Commonwealth, Howel says there must be a million and a-half of inhabitants, yet very shortly afterwards the Guildhall authorities estimated the number at only 700,000, while Sir William Petty reckoned it at 672,000, and another writer at 530,000. The growth of the City, then, which Defoe regarded with so much terror, was very slow indeed between the middle of the seventeenth and the end of the eighteenth century, since in the year 1800 the number of people was still under a million. In short, if Hallam's conjecture be right, the population of the City was multiplied by twenty-five in 650 years—that is to say, it was doubled every hundred and fifty years between the middle of the twelfth and the end of the eighteenth century; yet it only increased sixty-six per cent. for the hundred and fifty years from the Commonwealth to the year 1800; and in the last eighty years it has been exactly quadrupled. Why its increase was so slow during the last century is hard to understand. During the latter half of it the trade of London was increasing with very great rapidity. There were no plagues. One would not imagine that foreign wars greatly affected the population of London; and there were no great fires.

During the last century a good many things have happened, and the improvements and reforms effected in London have been very great. The bridging over of the Fleet River (how many people remember that a swift stream, rising in the Highgate ponds, flows beneath their feet as they cross Farringdon Street?), the building of new bridges, are among the improvements; the prisons have been reformed; the people have all left the old boundaries, so that the population has again been reduced to the numbers of the twelfth century; streets of brick have become streets of granite; houses have become palaces. Mr. Loftie does not hold a brief for the Corporation, but he speaks strongly in favour of reform, without destruction. It is to be hoped that those who take up the threatened measures will read this book, if only in order to learn how the great Corporation which they would destroy has grown up little by little in the face of the most determined opposition and by dint of the most determined resolution; how the political independence of the City has made it a leader of public opinion; how it was London which in former times deposed bad kings and set up better; how in our own days it is London which has carried, or essentially helped to carry, a series of important reforms, and made itself the model among all cities for cleanliness, light, and water. Yet there are many things which need reform:—

The parochial charities, for instance, might be utilised more frequently and widely than at present. The upper class of citizens might be inclined more frequently to serve as aldermen and sheriffs. The terms of admission to the franchise might be revised. The other city companies might be called upon to do work similar to that carried on by the goldsmiths and fishmongers. In short there are many things on which the pressure of public opinion will in time make a change; but the measures, so far as they are known, which seem to be under consideration now, are not so much calculated to improve existing institutions as to remove a body which had political enemies on account of its age, its wealth, and above all its freedom. Coercion and corruption cannot be applied to London electors as

things are now constituted. The suburbs of London are exceeded in good government, cleanliness and health only by the city of London itself, and by no other city in the kingdom. The change will probably mean a great increase in the rates all over the territory of the new municipality, as before the new constitution has got into working order there will be an immense waste of money and of time. In fact it needs no sagacity, nothing but the smallest experience, to see that the advantages, whatever they may be, of the change, will not accrue to the generation which makes it, and if only thirty years are consumed in fighting over again the battles which the citizens fought and settled in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, their children will be more fortunate than were their ancestors.

We have dwelt so much upon the history of the Companies and the Corporation that we have left ourselves no space to speak of Mr. Loftie's second volume, in which he goes outside the walls and treats of Middlesex, Westminster and its hamlets, the Parks and palaces, the Tower and Tower Hamlets, the northern, western, and southern suburbs, and the "Metropolitan Area." All these chapters are interesting, but they are not so novel, nor are they so valuable at the present moment, as those in which the author treats of the City proper and its history. We have already spoken of the maps which illustrate the work. It should be added that besides the maps there are many special plans and drawings which greatly increase the value of the work. There are very few publishers, indeed, in these days of cheap work who could be found ready to embellish a book so admirably and so fully as Mr. Stanford has done. We may congratulate Mr. Loftie on having produced a book upon London which will be a monument not for all time, perhaps, but for a great many years. Immortality in the matter of histories, however good, is nowadays limited. There is one more volume which we hope he may be induced to add to this work in order to supplement and complete it—a volume on the trade and industries of London. The trade of Western Europe—Flanders, London, Marseilles—during the fifteenth century alone, when so many merchants besides Whittington in London and Jacques Coeur in Bourges grew enormously wealthy by their ventures afloat, is a most interesting subject in itself; it has been touched upon in Yule's *Marco Polo*. But a great field is open, and we venture to recommend Mr. Loftie to make that field his own, if only to round off and complete the territory he has already acquired.

MY TRIVIAL LIFE.*

WITH many faults, of method and experience alike, *The Story of My Trivial Life* is a genuine book, and may indeed be esteemed for one of the bitterest and cleverest novels produced of late years.

The novel is announced on its title-page as "a gossip with no plot in particular"; and the announcement is in no sense misleading. The "Plain Woman's" story is the story of any one you please. It is as plotless as life itself. Its texture has all the monotony of actuality. The incidents are those of everyday existence; the personages are such as you meet in society; the migrations are only from London to the country, and from the blue bedroom to the brown; there is nothing throughout more violent than the perversion of a legacy, nothing more terrible than a bad flirtation, nothing more tragic than the suffocation of a woman's love and the breaking of a woman's heart. Yet, for all that, we can recall few books of recent years in which there is such an intensity of life, such a passionate outpouring of experience. It is as if the author had lived her story ere she wrote it, and had written it at once to be avenged and to be relieved. She may well have lived with her characters for years, so saturated is she with their several individualities, so intimately acquainted with their ways of thought and feeling, and so capable of reproducing their forms of speech and tricks of manner and methods of action. She may well have been and done and suffered exactly as her heroine is and does and suffers, so vivid and coherent are the impressions she notes, so poignant and complete are the emotions she describes, so natural are the dialogues she records. To a certain extent her book is prosaic, but the prosiness is organic, so to speak, is appropriate to the ambition she has in view, and inherent to the material with which she has chosen to deal. This is as much as to say that she is only trivial and commonplace in those parts of her story the very stuff of which is composed of commonplaces and triviality. When her motive is passion, and her opportunity of such a type as calls for energy of expression and the picturesque and vigorous presentment of facts, she answers the demand upon her powers with unflinching ease and assurance, and with really remarkable success. Good examples of the first of these capacities—the capacity, that is to say, of being artistically prosaic and imaginatively futile and conventional—are the "Plain Woman's" account of her long agony at Sherbrook Hall; her portraits of Aunt Jane, and Uncle Sherbrook, and Lady Arabella, and the "admirable Catherine," and the egregious Rigardy-Wrenstones; her story of the party at Lady Arabella's, and how one section talked slang, and their opposites indulged in Scarlatti and posthumous Schumann. There is a flavour of bitterness, half contemptuous and half sorrowful, in all of them; but all are penetrated with insight and vivacity, all are touched with humour and the sense of fact, all are vigorously and well presented. One at least—the portrait of Mrs. Sherbrook, the incomparable Aunt Jane; "the

* *The Story of My Trivial Life and Misfortune*. By a "Plain Woman." 3 vols. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

longest upper lip in Europe"; the lady "into whom neither a French accent nor an evil spirit could possibly enter"—cannot easily be surpassed in contemporary fiction as a study, both dramatic and psychological, of abject feeble-mindedness, as an expression of human imbecility at its silliest and deepest and most hopeless. Another, the picture of the "admirable Catherine," the she-swindler, the resolute and unscrupulous legacy-hunter, with her hands full of tracts and her mouth full of texts, and her heart instinct with worldliness and greed, is daring and complete enough to remind us of Balzac. This is high praise; but if the book be read as it deserves, we do not think that it will be found exaggerated. Not less vigorous in their way, and not less remarkable, are the pages in which the author puts comedy on one side, and deals with the deeper emotions of the heart and the stronger and more violent crises of existence. Such, for instance, are the heroine's account of her mother's death; the scene in which she listens to the love of David Scott; the miserable story of her gradual ruin at the hands of Louisa Clarke; and the few sentences in which she tells how her last illusion was dispelled, and her husband was revealed to her as hers no longer.

The story, which is autobiographical in form, is an everyday tragedy. The heroine, Sophy Thursley, is a girl with plenty of heart, plenty of money, plenty of brains, and no beauty. Having lost her father at five years old, she lives with her mother, a pleasant, affectionate, sensible woman, who goes but little into society, and has a generous fondness for her brother's son, the ass, Rigardy-Wrenstone (a person born to be an M.C.), and a great deal of kindness for her sister and her sister's husband, Aunt Jane and Uncle Sherbrook. Sophy, a lively young lady, is from the first oppressed with tracts and texts from Aunt Jane and solemnity from Uncle Sherbrook. She grows up with a hatred of religious impertinence and a strong but amused contempt for all the race of musical amateurs. Presently her mother is taken ill at Sherbrook Hall. She has heart disease; brandy is ordered for her and is not forthcoming, Aunt Jane being a medical theorist and a person with views as to the use of stimulants; and so she dies. Sophy is taken up by Uncle Sherbrook, who is proud, stupid, generous, and very dull; and for some years her life belongs to Aunt Jane and Aunt Jane's particular friend, the "admirable Catherine." Between the "hare-brained chatter" of the one and the sour and selfish religiousness of the other she has a bad time of it. She sees nobody; she does nothing; she lives the life of a limpet on a rock, of a fungus in a cellar—her brain condensed, her heart stifled, her capacity of enjoyment quenched by disease. By an intrigue between the admirable Catherine, who wants her out of the way at Sherbrook Hall, and a certain Lady Arabella Scott—ex-beauty and ex-flirt, and actual "Light" in the Low Church interest—she is made acquainted with handsome David Scott, Lady Arabella's nephew, *in posse* the heir to a peerage, but *in esse* a "detrimental" of the worst and most specious type. She falls in love with him off hand, as your plain woman will; and by some excellent generalship on the part of the admirable Catherine, she is forced to divulge her secret and to bestow her hand (and 2,000*l.* a year with it) on the creature of her choice. No sooner is she out of the house than Catherine proceeds to the execution of a certain plan of hers, which comprehends the ruin of Aunt Jane and the assimilation of Uncle George's money. By a series of operations remarkable for their audacity and adroitness—a series of operations, we are constrained to add, whose story would have been a good deal better told by Balzac—she carries position after position, and wins a complete victory. Her plan has the merits of extreme simplicity and extreme bad-heartedness. Uncle Sherbrook, it must be noted, is a man with a passion for making his will. He has a passion for the law and all things legal; an action about a right of way or some trumpery matter of that sort is the heroic event, the crowning mercy of his life; upon his will—an epitome of all the joys and sorrows of litigiousness—he has expended for years all the treasures of his heart and all the forces of his brain; it is his fetish, his vice, his vocation, his *raison d'être* as a Briton and a man. This Catherine knows; and upon the knowledge she at once proceeds to act. Mr. and Mrs. David Scott are still upon their wedding tour when Uncle Sherbrook is stricken with paralysis. The stroke is so tremendous that he lingers but a little while ere departing this life. All speechless as he is, he contrives to show that he craves to have his niece at his bedside; but Catherine persists in misunderstanding him, refuses to summon poor Sophy back from Paris, and even goes so far, in writing to her, as to suppress all mention of her uncle's illness. She takes the situation completely in hand; she seeks out and burns the poor old gentleman's will; she calls in an ally of hers, a horrible religious lawyer, to make a new one, and with his help and that of her own abominable genius actually succeeds in getting a new one made. Sophy is disinherited; Aunt Jane is reduced to absolute muddle-headedness and 300*l.* a year; and the Admirable One, casting her tracts and her austerity aside, becomes the friend and counsellor of the fast Duchess of Wildfire, affects the light worldling, and coquets with Rome. Then David Scott goes visiting without his wife (who is obliged to stay at home and take care of Aunt Jane), and falls in with his old sweetheart, Louisa Clarke. Louisa is cold, vain, shallow, spiteful, utterly unprincipled; but she is very lovely, and David, who is a poor creature—and who, moreover, is certain of the reversion of money and a title—is soon her slave. She is supposed to be engaged in hunting a husband for herself; but she is really engaged in hunting some one else's, that some one being Sophy Scott. The end comes soon.

The plain woman finds that she is no match for the pretty one. She is generous, clever, warm-hearted, an admirable help-mate; but she is not beautiful, and she has married a cad. And when the cad in him is revealed, and he tells her that she is a worthless thing to him, her heart breaks at his words.

At this point the "Plain Woman" ends her story. It is a sad one enough, and it is told with some bitterness. But it leaves no bad taste in the mouth. Thus much for good of the book. For the other side it must be urged that it is sometimes prolix and diffuse, that it abounds in excrescences, that where narrative is wanted, it too frequently presents a mere study of manners, and that the writer does not always produce her effects without some sacrifice of probability. The first three sines, it may at once be admitted, are in some sort venial. When the "Plain Woman" gives way to prolixity, the "Plain Woman" may readily be skipped. She indulges in the representation of scenes that have little or no connexion with her main interest; but she is never unreasonable, and she is often exceedingly amusing. When she takes to talking of manners and character instead of going on with her story, she obliges you to own that she is clever enough to make you listen in spite of yourself. The last charge, however, is one that cannot be so easily disposed of. It strikes at the heart of her mystery; it makes havoc of the essentials of her case; it ruins the strongest situations in her story. It is, for instance, inconceivable that such a will as that by which the admirable Catherine chooses to profit should not have been made the subject of an action at law. It was notoriously obtained under undue influence; it was in flagrant contradiction of the testator's known and expressed wishes; it was preposterously unjust and cynical; it was dictated and signed at a moment when the testator was incapable of movement and of speech. David Scott, selfish and cowardly as he was, would certainly have risen against it; even Aunt Jane would have protested in its disfavour. Any solicitor would have fought it; any barrister would have torn it to pieces; any judge would have seen through it; and, had it been disputed, the issue would have been extremely unpleasant to Catherine and her honourable coadjutor. As its perpetration is the turning-point in the "Plain Woman's" fortunes, and as her trouble is more or less a result of it, the outrage on the probabilities it implies is felt very keenly indeed. You cannot refrain from noting that you are asked to accept what is impossible, and all that follows, being the consequence of something in which you cannot believe, appears in its turn incredible. Balzac, as we have said, would have managed things better. He might have violated every one of the probabilities in turn; but he would have done so in such a way as to make his results seem actual and normal. His Catherine would not have gone about her task so swiftly and recklessly; her infamy would have been the work, not of the space of a broken honeymoon, but of several years; and she would have been as right and safe as an observance of legal forms could make her. The "Plain Woman" has done otherwise; and the issue is discomfiting to her readers. Nor is this the only offence of the kind of which she may be accused. It is hard to believe that Catherine could work her will as we have seen; it is harder still to believe that Sophy Scott, passionately in love with her husband, could put by her happiness at its youngest and brightest, and send her David away to amuse himself and be happy while she took care of a wretched old dotard like Aunt Jane. Like the will, her abrogation is of vital moment in her history, and, like the will, the effect it produces is one of exaggeration and unreality. It says much for the "Plain Woman" that, in the teeth of such mistakes as these, she should move us so deeply and interest us so strongly as she does.

UDĀNAVARGA.*

THE texts which form the canon of the Northern Buddhists have hitherto obtained at the hands of scholars far less notice than has been bestowed on the Three Pitakas, or Collections containing the Canonical Books of the Southern Buddhists. It has been held that these Northern Books are of but small value for a critical examination of early Buddhism, and, though the Chinese texts have found some interpreters among us, but few English scholars have faced the difficulties of Tibetan, in which language many important works of Buddhist ethics and philosophy are written which supply us with exact renderings of the original Indian texts in cases where these are either imperfect or missing. The unmerited neglect which the Northern Canon has hitherto suffered is perhaps due to an erroneous impression that most of its volumes are filled with extravagant poetical fictions, such as mar the Tibetan version of the "Lalitā Vistara" and the "Romantic Legend of Sakya Buddha," of which an English translation from the Chinese appeared some few years back. The development which Buddhist doctrine eventually took north of the Himalayas has certainly resulted in a religious system in almost every way antagonistic to that agnostic atheism which may be said to characterize the philosophy of Buddhism; but, though the moral teachings of Gautama may have been smothered, in the hierarchical system of Lamaism, beneath a mass of metaphysical subtleties, the Tibetans have not the less preserved versions of the ancient texts and commentaries which we may seek for in vain in the

* *Uddānavarga*; being the Northern Buddhist Version of *Dharmapada*. Translated from the Tibetan by W. W. Rockhill. Trübner's Oriental Series. 1883.

original Pāli or Sanskrit. The early history of Northern Buddhism is as yet but very imperfectly known, and it is to be regretted that we have such meagre information concerning the tenets of those eighteen sects who seceded from the Southern Church at the Council of Vaisali. The sects of the seceders all belong to what is known as the "Little Vehicle," but from the works by them held sacred—many of which are still extant—and from such accounts as have come down to us of these early Northern Buddhists, it would assuredly seem that their doctrine differed but very little from the Buddhism of the Pitakas.

The work of which Mr. Rockhill has given us a translation is one already well known in the Southern Canon under the name of "Dhammapada" or "Scripture Texts." The purport will be better understood if the reader will bear in mind that the Pitakas, or Canon of the Southern Buddhists, are divided into three collections; of these, the First contains works on *Discipline* (for the Religious Orders); the Second Pitaka consists of five treatises, *Discourses* (for the Laity); while the Third is composed of works on *Metaphysics*. The "Dhammapada" is one of a collection of short treatises forming the fifth volume in the Second Pitaka—the *Discourses* for the Laity. Of the Pāli or Southern text, an edition (with Latin translation) was published in 1855 by Dr. Fausbøll, the eminent Danish scholar, and Professor Max Müller has brought out an English translation of the same in a recent volume of *The Sacred Books of the East*. In the year 1878 Mr. S. Beal published an English translation of what was held to be a Chinese version of the "Dhammapada," but a more accurate examination of the work has proved that the "Fa-kheu-pi-u" (Mr. Beal's text) is but a collection of parables intended to illustrate the teaching of the "Dhammapada," and not a translation of the original verses. Mr. Rockhill's present work, therefore, is the first from which assistance will be gained for a more accurate understanding of the Pāli text; it is, in fact, as yet the only term of comparison available to us. The "Udānavarga," the Tibetan version, was originally discovered by the late M. Schiefner, who published the Tibetan text, and had intended adding a translation—an intention frustrated by his death, but which has been carried out by Mr. Rockhill. The work contains thirty-three chapters, divided into four books; in all, the Tibetan version gives 991 verses, but of these some 308 only can be identified with the verses of the Pāli "Dhammapada"; while twenty more may be found in the "Sutta Nipāta," a collection of didactic poems, forming, like the "Dhammapada," a portion of the Second Pāli "Pitaka." And, further, there are some hundred and seventy verses in the "Udānavarga" which resemble, but are not identical with, those in the Pāli text; "thus more than half of the 'Udānavarga' is found in the works of the Southern Canon; and it appears highly probable that if the 'Udāna,' the 'Theragāthā,' 'Therīgāthā,' &c. [lyrical collections and poems comprised in the same "Pitaka"] had been examined, many more of the verses of the Tibetan work would have been found in them." Mr. Rockhill, however, does not consider our present Pāli "Dhammapada" as the text on which the Tibetan translation was made; on the contrary, the comparison of the Indian text with those now made known to us from Tibet and China points to the existence of anterior versions, as the originals of the Pāli and the Northern Buddhist translations. The constant slight variations between the texts—knowing, as we do, the scrupulous care of the Indian pundits who supervised the Tibetan translation—cannot, in short, be admitted as the result of carelessness. The Tibetan affords no clue as to the language from which it was translated; we are only told of the name of the work "in the language of the White Plain," or India, an expression which merely designates some one of the Indian vernaculars; and, after citing all available data, Mr. Rockhill concludes with an opinion that his Tibetan text "was made from a Sanskrit version in the dialect prevalent in Kashmir in the first century B.C., at which period and in which place the compiler, Dharmatrāta, probably lived." The Tibetan translator was Vidyaprabhākara, one of a group of well-known translators of Buddhist works who flourished at the court of Ral-pa-chañ, King of Tibet, during the ninth century of our era, at which period a great stimulus was given to the production of these translations. The Sanskrit title "Udānavarga" means "Chapters of Udānas," and the latter word is understood by Mr. Rockhill to mean "verse or stanza."

Such verses are very generally found at the end of the sermons or sūtras of Gautama, and were probably intended to convey to his hearers, in a few easily remembered lines, the essence of his teachings. It appears to me that the founder of Buddhism must have attached great importance to these verses, and that he advocated their use by all his disciples. . . . As a natural consequence of the importance attributed to these verses, it appeared desirable to the first successors of the Buddha to collect in separate works all such utterances of the Master as might prove especially instructive, and as best answering the purposes of their school.

Before entering on an examination of the "verses," it may be well to recall to mind that the aim of Buddha's doctrine is the deliverance from suffering (not from sin). The doctrine has been fully discussed in a German work, recently translated into English, of which a review appeared in these columns, and it is therefore needless to do more than recall this cardinal principle to our readers' recollection. Buddhists hold that life should be a path of virtue leading to Deliverance, and the truths of their religion are summed up in the statement that there is a Cause for all suffering, which Cause can be removed, through the way of Deliverance, that is the doctrine of Buddha. We now turn to the "Udānavarga" to learn how its author regarded these matters.

The cause of suffering is to be attributed to Impermanency and Desire:—

C. i. 3. Alas! the impermanency of created things, what is created is subject to decay. As what has been born must come to destruction, happy they who are at rest.

The last phrase sounds the keynote of Buddhism, and the idea is repeated again and again under varying forms. The evil of impermanency—the attribute of created things—is, in man, greatly augmented by his subjugation to desire:—

C. ii. 13. As long as one follows after desire, one finds no satisfaction; they who through wisdom have given it up find contentment; and

C. iii. 17. The channels of lust are the source (of transmigration).

It is then explained that purity (absence of desire) does not consist "in reciting a large portion of the law," but "in walking in the path of the law, forsaking passion, anger, and ignorance"; few things are, in fact, more remarkable in Buddhism than the constantly reiterated saying, that the thought must be pure as well as the deed:—

C. vii. 9. The sage whose thoughts are always controlled can be harmed by nothing, he goes to the immortal dwelling-place where there is no sorrow.

And according to this system:—

C. vi. 11. (The sage) who devotes himself to these three things, morality, meditation, and knowledge, arrives finally at perfect purity, and puts an end to pain and also to existence.

Subsequent chapters deal with what should be aimed at in speech, deeds, and faith; we quote three verses to show the manner of the treatment:—

C. viii. He who speaks words which bring him no grief and which do no harm to his neighbour, speaks well.

C. ix. 17. An evil deed kills not instantly, as does a sword, but it follows the evil-doer (even) into the next world.

C. x. 4. If the wise man has faith in the doctrine of the Arhats [the way taught by Buddha], that leads to Nirvāna.

And the First Book ends with a chapter on "The Way," in which it is repeated that the way to perfect purity is to see through knowledge how all created things are impermanent and empty, and by this no longer to be afflicted by pain. The Second Book opens with somewhat more mundane subjects; it deals with "honours," "hatred," "anger," and the like, showing how the Bhixu (he who has conquered corruption) should deal with these. In the chapter entitled "The Flower," we have the favourite Buddhist simile:—

C. xviii. 21. The Bhixu, who knows that existence is without reality, like . . . a snake shuffles off his dried-up skin.

And another chapter illustrates the aphorism "Self is the lord of self; what other lord could there be?"

In Book the Third the second chapter is devoted to the discussion of the important subject of Nirvāna. As Mr. Rockhill has pointed out in his preface, this word, in the greater number of cases, merely implies the condition in which "sorrow has been left behind," thus:—

C. xxvi. 10. The deer go chiefly to the woods, the birds fly into the air; he who devotes himself to the law goes to the Nirvāna of the Arhat.

On the other hand, in certain verses it cannot be understood to mean anything but annihilation. In the chapter referred to, after stating that Nirvāna is not in the elements, nor in a spiritual state, verse 27 affirms:—

Bhixus! as I say it does not exist with going and coming, it is what is not existence; as I do not say it exists where there is death, it is not to be born; this, then, is the end of suffering.

It may be noted that this verse, which fully corroborates the view taken of Nirvāna by Prof. Max Müller, does not occur in the Pāli version of the Dhammapada.

This Third Book is in many ways, perhaps, the most interesting of the work. There is a chapter on "Sin" which deserves attention, but which we have unfortunately no space to analyse; the Buddhist conception of "sin" does not quite coincide with that of the Christian, and from the point of view of comparative ethics the subject is in many ways interesting. The last chapter of this book deals with "Happiness," and it is noteworthy how many of its verses begin

Ah! let us live exceedingly happy, living without, &c.

Happiness is, in fact, held to be "doing without," and, as the chapter on "Sight" prettily states it:—

C. xxvii. 15. He who looks on the body as a bubble, who considers it as a mirage, the king of death will not see him.

The Fourth and last Book contains three long chapters on (the control of) "the Mind," "the Bhixu," and "the Brāhmaṇa" (he who suffers no desires); of which the first is sufficiently described by its title, while the two last may briefly be said to deal with the actions which characterize the ideal Buddhist. Mr. Rockhill concludes his volume with an appendix containing some interesting notes and illustrations found too long for insertion at the foot of the page; an index also enables us to find the verses corresponding to those of the Udānavarga in the Pāli "Dhammapada" and "Sutta Nipāta," and the Chinese "Fa-kheu-pi-u" of Mr. Beal.

In conclusion, Mr. Rockhill may be congratulated for having well accomplished a difficult task; the Chinese editor of the work mentioned above has said that even as "it is difficult to meet with a teacher like Buddha, so the words of Buddha are naturally hard

of explanation," and our author has assuredly taken all possible pains to render his translation comprehensible by note and commentary. The Northern Buddhists outnumber their Southern brethren in the ratio of sixteen to one. If but a few more workers could be found to aid in the immense field where Mr. Rockhill has so boldly begun, we might soon possess as much information on the tenets of the Northern schools as we begin to do on those of the South. The communication between the two has been but slight since the third century B.C., hence every reliance may be placed on those statements of doctrine and fact in which their respective canons agree. With the rare knowledge of Tibetan which Mr. Rockhill possesses, we may confidently look forward to discoveries of the greatest interest if he but continues to follow in the footsteps of Csoma and Schiefner, and does not allow himself to be discouraged by the immensity of the task.

MR. VILLIERS'S FREE-TRADE SPEECHES.*

IT scarcely needs more than the slightest acquaintance with the history of the great fiscal revolution of forty years ago to know that Mr. Charles Villiers was, if not its most brilliant and remarkable, its steadiest and its most disinterested champion. Long before the persons whose names are now most generally connected with it were heard of, he dared the annual laughter of the House of Commons, supporting his motion for Free-trade by a series of speeches equally free from the pretentiousness and from the dulness which too often distinguish the hardy annals of the private member. He had no private ends to serve by adopting this cause, and in fact was running counter to the actual prejudices and the supposed interests of his own class in doing so. And as he did not in any sense make the Free-trade crusade a ladder, so neither did he make it a bank. No part of the golden shower which descended on some of his comrades who came comparatively late into the fray fell to his share; indeed, it is understood that he distinctly declined to receive any. It was not till long after the victory was won that a place in the Cabinet and an office for which he was well fitted, quite apart from his exploits in the matter of Free-trade, rewarded him—if the phrase reward may be used. It is true that he has had the almost unique honour of representing a single constituency, and that one of some importance, for all but half a century; but that, however honourable, can hardly be said to be a reward.

The speeches are preceded by a Political Memoir, which states the facts with sufficient clearness and in a tone by no means unduly enthusiastic, but which unluckily is far from well written. "The gigantic wave of subscriptions ridden and ruled by the member for Stockport" is but a grotesque kind of phrase, suggesting on the one hand an innuendo by no means complimentary, and on the other ideas as of a pantomime or a nightmare. It would be difficult to give a genealogical piece of information more awkwardly than in the words, "Mr. Villiers, the third son of the late Hon. George Villiers and Theresa, the only daughter of the first Lord Borington, and brother of the late Earl of Clarendon, was born" &c. Here is an appalling welter of words:—

His language relating to Ireland and the intolerable injustice it had sustained at our hands was distinguished by a largeness of mind so exceptional in those days that it is difficult to realize its full significance now that we have grown accustomed to generous acts of reparation which, under presently existing circumstances, seem to the impatient to have been made in vain to heal the wounds of that unhappy country.

To say that "taxation levied for protection exceeded the total of the public taxation of the country" is mere nonsense, though in the context it is possible to discern what the writer means, and the same inaptitude of the use of words has a still more unlucky effect a page or two later. Mention is there made of "their [the farmers'] open avowal of the delusion under which they laboured in supposing that the profit arising from the Corn-laws, which gave artificial value to land, could belong to any but the owner of land." We are quite certain that no farmer converted to Free-trade ever acknowledged that he laboured under the delusion that the profit arising from the Corn-laws could "belong" to any one but the owner of land, though he may have acknowledged himself deluded in supposing that it could "accrue" to any one else, or be pocketed by any one else, or something of that kind. Still worse, though less misleading, is the phrase, "Mr. Villiers, in his report to the Poor-law Commission in 1833, stated that, when acting as Revising Barrister in North Devon, not less than a fourth of the overseers were unable to read." Many odd things happened fifty years ago, no doubt, but surely the very oddest of them all was this, that a fourth of the overseers should collectively act as Revising Barrister in North Devon. But it was certainly an abominable scandal that any Revising Barrister, even if so mysteriously constituted, should be unable to read.

It may readily be acknowledged, however, that the importance of the book does not lie in the prefatory memoir, though, owing to its length and to the fact that most readers of the present generation will find it almost necessary for the proper comprehension of the speeches following, the defects in it force themselves into prominence. The speeches themselves are very far from deficient in literary qualifications, and, at least in the first volume (before

the days of the flourishing of the League), they are really models of lucid statement of fact and orderly arrangement of argument, without the slightest pretension or attempt at flights of oratory. They deserved the phrase of "terse eloquence" applied to them by one who was by no means prodigal of compliments to political adversaries. After the rise of Cobden and of Mr. Bright, and in the days of stamping at theatres and in town halls in Manchester and in Birmingham, evil communications appear to have had some effect even on Mr. Villiers. The facts and the logic in the former speeches reappear, but side by side with them there appears not a little of the mischievous stimulants to class prejudices and the exaggerated appeals to interest and to sentiment, to malice and to envy, which to this day constitute the chief stock-in-trade of some of Mr. Villiers's then allies. But, in comparison with the utterances of those allies themselves, these very speeches are almost glacially impartial. In the earlier speeches there is no need for any such comparison. Illustrative passages are never very easy to select from speeches, but the following may fairly show the strong common sense which, clothed in appropriate language, is the chief characteristic of the volumes:—

I should like to place the necessity and the policy of an Income Tax as explained this evening before the country, and to let sensible and humane people judge fairly upon this issue: whether the expectation of preventing slavery in a foreign country by not consuming their produce is sufficiently well grounded to warrant the policy of precluding the people of this country from the advantage of a cheap necessary, and for imposing a fresh and heavy burden upon them. I have seen a comment upon this policy in a foreign paper that I cannot but hold just. They call it the laughable hypocrisy of the English. Under all circumstances I think the description is really just; for few people believe that it will succeed, and most people believe that it is insincere. If there is any sincerity in all this talk about slavery the real sacrifice to make is, to refuse to send goods to a slave-producing country; for it is to buy goods that sugar is produced; it is to get these goods that men are retained in slavery; and it is notorious that the slave-holding communities are now becoming some of our best markets, and that if they were to reject our goods or to raise the duties unfairly against us we should be more disposed to go to war with them on that account than to commend them for adopting this means for preventing slavery.

I, however, am not indifferent to the opinion of many benevolent men who think that dealing with slave countries is a means of encouraging slavery; but I know many who, no less benevolent, no less zealous or servicable in opposing slavery, are of opinion that this partial restraint on the trader with such countries is calculated to do harm rather than good. Let us see, for instance, how this policy may work for the continuance of slavery. What do you practically tell the West Indian proprietary? Why, that so long as slavery continues in other countries their Monopoly is safe. Thus they have a strong interest in maintaining slavery; and they have something else: they have very great influence over the British Government—they always have had and they continue to have it. How then can any Government better secure the adherence of these partisans than by not making an effective remonstrance with the Slave States which they now profess it to be their intention to make? The West India influence may and probably will depend upon their not doing it.

Another passage from a speech made at a public meeting will show how forcibly, yet how moderately, the speaker was wont to put the arguments most likely to carry conviction to his special auditory:—

Every five years since the passing of the Corn Laws a crisis has occurred from scarcity of food; and on each succeeding occasion the danger to the peace and order of the country has been greater. We were never nearer confusion than in 1842; and I leave you to judge what will be the effect of the next dearth that arises, when the people will be more numerous, their intelligence greater perhaps, and their impatience for political power much more intense.

Let any man reflect upon these things, and if he has any stake in the country, if he has within his home those for whom he cares, if he has any sense of public duty, I ask him whether a responsibility does not attach to him individually to leave nothing untried, and nothing undone, to procure the removal of such a cause of present evil and future danger as the Corn Laws. If any one mistrusts his own judgment, or the judgment of those who are taking the lead in this matter, let him turn to the authorities by which our opinions against the Corn Laws are fortified. Let him mark the conclusions of the men who have thought most on the condition of this country as regards the danger with which it is threatened, and see if they do not all point to the increasing numbers of the people wanting employment; and then let him say if any sane or sober man can justify any obstruction deliberately cast in the way of the people's getting work, or honestly exchanging the product of their labour for food. The landlords have declared the issue upon which this struggle shall be taken: it is, Monopoly or no Monopoly. I say, and I believe, that the people will win because they are right, and because they are neither powerless nor spiritless.

With such speeches as these, however, the most interesting thing is not to give mere samples of them, still less to go through the circumstances and the arguments of the long-past struggle which they partly reproduce. It is sufficient to say that the first speech here printed was spoken in Parliament on the 15th of March, 1838, the last on the 23rd of November, 1852. They thus cover the entire period of the Free-trade war. Most of them, of course, deal with the Corn-laws, but occasional reference comes in to other matters, such as timber and colonial produce generally. The successive stages of the movement against Protection in its Parliamentary aspect, and to some slight extent in other aspects, are successively enrolled more instructively, perhaps, if less completely, than in any regular history written in retrospect. But not the least interesting thing in such a book is to note the references to public men; the prophecies and the warnings which have or have not been fulfilled; the casual rather than the direct bearing of the book. One remarkable passage—the passage in which Mr. Villiers at a comparatively early period of Mr. Gladstone's career commented sarcastically on the improbability of the future Prime Minister's consenting to suffer martyrdom for an unpopular idea—has already been the subject of public comment. But there are other little indications which may pleasantly remind a generation which has

* *Free-Trade Speeches of the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers.* Edited, with a Political Memoir, by a Member of the Cobden Club. London: C. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

been accustomed to think of Mr. Gladstone as a Free-trader *quand même*, how very differently their fathers thought of him. Again, how curiously does Lord John Russell's retort on Mr. Gladstone read when he says that "the Government [Sir Robert Peel's, of which Mr. Gladstone was a member] was not wiser than its predecessors, but had only enjoyed better weather." Some of the allusions in the text might perhaps have been more fully explained by the editor; but as a general rule it may be granted that an editor is wiser in silence than in speech.

Although the prophecies and anticipations made in these particular speeches have been fulfilled with unusual fidelity, it is not uninteresting to observe that in some respects they have not been so lucky. Mr. Villiers victoriously showed that thirty years of Protection had somehow or other by no means enriched the farmers; but he would hardly himself contend that forty years of Free-trade have been much more successful. Mr. Villiers's hope was in leases; he is never tired of recommending leases combined with the disuse of reliance on the Corn-laws. The Corn-laws have been dead for a longer time than they lived, and leases have become all but universal in Scotland and far from unusual in England; but with what result? That the Scotch farmer is clamouring to break his lease, and that the English leaseholders are said to have suffered more than the yearly tenants during the lean years of our recent experience. So true is it that no one can be right always, and that there is no universal medicine for agricultural or any other distress in this world. But agriculture, as such, was of course not Mr. Villiers's subject; it was only his subject to show that the repeal of the Corn-laws would not necessarily or even probably ruin it, which indeed he showed amply enough. His arguments, however, on the subject of agriculture are not perhaps his happiest. The same may be said of some of his other arguments on points not immediately relating to Free-trade, into which he very naturally strayed. It so happens that Free-trade having long been a *fait accompli*, these points are now not the least interesting of the matters he touches on. The great misfortune of the Free-trade movement—namely, that it was, as much by the fault of one side as of the other, made a class movement, a movement of town against country—is sometimes illustrated here. For instance, no protectionist fallacy could possibly be greater than the fallacy of saying that the connexion between the cultivation of land and its ownership is no nearer than that between the manufacturer and the person from whom he purchases his raw material. The difference arises exactly because the farmer does not purchase his raw material, but only hires the beneficial use of it for a time. In the one case the transaction is momentary and complete, in the other it is continual. But an occasional slip of this kind in the outskirts of his own province does not interfere with the firmness with which the author of these speeches occupies and traverses the ground which properly speaking is his own.

SYMEON OF DURHAM.*

SYMEON, the monk and precentor of Durham, must be pronounced singularly fortunate in his editors. There are very few of our mediæval chroniclers on whose writings so much critical power has been brought to bear, and on whose merits the verdict has been more unanimous. Leland, Selden, Twysden, Bedford, Rud, Petrie, and the late Mr. Hodgson Hinde, form a brilliant series, to whom Mr. Thomas Arnold, the first volume of whose scholarly edition in the Rolls Series is before us, is no unworthy successor. John Leland, the father of English topography, was the first to our knowledge to discern the value of Symeon's historical collections. "Symeon," he says, in his *De Scriptoribus Britannicis*, one of the "primarii sæculi sui monachi," needs no encomium from him to secure a deathless fame for his writings—"ejus immortale opus est atque adeo erit, me reticente." Leland's critical insight discerned the true source of Symeon's compilations to which they owe their special value. "With curious diligence," he writes, did this unwearied investigator "hunt out, discover, and sift the ancient historical materials"—"veteris historiæ supellex"—which the ill-fated monks of Lindisfarne and Tynemouth, of Whitby and Lestingham, and the other religious houses of the Northumbrian seaboard, had snatched from the smoking ruins of their houses when fleeing from Hælfdene and his savage Danes, and which were in danger of being altogether lost in an ignorant and careless age. In the "filiation of chronicles" to which we referred in a former article on Mr. Arnold's edition of Henry of Huntingdon (*Saturday Review*, March 27, 1880) Symeon's compilations became in their turn the mine from which later writers, without the slightest idea of dishonesty, dug their historical material. The *History of Roger of Hoveden*, in which, as Dr. Stubbs has remarked, "we have the full harvest of the Northumbrian historians," is to a great extent based on Symeon's *Historia Regum*, a large portion of which is transcribed verbatim. It deserves notice that the question of the authorship of the works which pass under Symeon's name—a question which Mr. Arnold may be considered to have finally settled in his Introduction—had already arisen in Leland's days. With his usual clear-sightedness the old topographer discerned

the erroneous computation in the initial rubric in the *Corpus MS. of the Historia Regum* which, in Petrie's words, "has given rise to so much unnecessary controversy." This misinterpretation of the rubric, added, we should say, by a later hand, dates from the time of Bale—the "foul-mouthed" Bishop of Ossory—who, carelessly accepting the erroneous statement of the rubric that the *Historia Regum* extended from the death of Beda (i.e. A.D. 737) to that of Henry I., "that is, 429 years and 4 months," by process of addition made the date of Symeon's literary activity thirty years too late—"Claruit anno 1164, in quo historiam finiebat, sub Henrico Anglorum rege secundo." Now, inasmuch as the author of the *History of the Church of Durham* speaks of himself as one of the nine monks present at the examination of the relics of St. Cuthbert in 1104, if we accept this computation he cannot be the same with the author of the *Historia Regum*. As Mr. Arnold remarks, "a man who flourished in 1164 could hardly have been one of the senior brethren who took part in an important religious ceremony sixty years previously." Indeed, that the writer of the *History* should have stated this of himself is alleged by Selden in his preface to the *Decem Scriptores* as a proof that he could not have been Symeon. This "futile attempt," as Mr. Arnold characterizes it, to dispossess Symeon of the authorship of the *Historia Dunelmensis*, and to claim it for Prior Turgot, has, we learn from Mr. Arnold's introduction, been recently started afresh by Professor Henry Morley, in his *English Writers*; and Mr. Arnold waxes very angry with him for reviving and endorsing "Selden's absurd and injurious theory that Symeon put his own name to Turgot's work."

If Mr. Morley read what Selden wrote, and then believed him to have made good his case, I can only say that his notion of what constitutes "proof" is very different from mine. If he did not read it, but took Selden's word for the conclusions at which he arrives, he cannot be acquitted of undue precipitancy in propagating, without examination, as unfounded a calumny as was ever brought against a literary man.

The source of the error on which this suspicion of Symeon's good faith has been based was pointed out by the late Sir T. Duffus Hardy in his *Descriptive Catalogue* (ii. 1777). It was, however, discerned by Leland between three and four centuries before, and it received a complete exposure and refutation at the hands of Mr. Rud in his preface to Bedford's edition of the *History* in 1732. To quote Mr. Arnold:—

Beda died in 735; adding 429 years we get the date, 1164. Bale must have seen this MS. [Abp. Parker's, at Corpus] and made this calculation; but did not observe that, as Henry I. died in 1135, the period between his death and Beda's was only 400, not 429 years. Probably the copyist of the MS. (which is unique) inscribed his own date, the time at which he was writing, for the true one [in a later part of the Introduction, pp. xxx., xxxi., Mr. Arnold notices "the well-known propensity of scribes to accommodate the dates of what they were copying to their own time"]. Such, and no more, is the foundation for the assertion that Symeon "flourished in 1164." If he died between thirty and forty years earlier he might have been present at the translation of 1104, and all those marks of contemporary authorship which induced Selden to ascribe the book to Turgot would tell equally well in favour of Symeon.

In Sir Roger Twysden's huge folio of the *Decem Scriptores*, occupying 2,768 closely-printed folio pages in double columns, published in 1652, four years after Cromwell's death, by Cornelius Bee, "in vico vulgo vocato Little Britaine"—the Paternoster Row or Albemarle Street of the seventeenth century—with the preparation of which the loyal baronet, after the sequestration of his Kentish estate, solaced the weary hours of his seven years' imprisonment, Symeon occupies the first place, "agmen ducat Symeon Dunelmensis." The editorial work here, as throughout the volume, has been very carefully executed. Indeed Mr. Petrie says of the *Decem Scriptores* that, until the Early English Historical Society began their publications in 1838, it was, with scarcely a single exception, "by far the most efficiently edited of any book of its class printed in England." Nor is this surprising when we remember the amount of literary and historical ability which was concentrated upon the volume. Though it bears Twysden's name, and the general plan and execution of the collection was his, its progress was superintended by such men as Ussher and Selden, the latter prefixing the critical introduction to which we have already referred. The glossary was compiled by the great Old-English scholar Somner, who, as zealous a Royalist as his patron, had, like him, been thrown into prison, and had there carried on his philological studies and completed his celebrated Dictionary. The humbler scholar by whose laborious drudgery the work was rendered possible—one Jennyns, a graduate of Cambridge, who collated the MSS. and carried the work through the press—has been so entirely overshadowed by his more celebrated associates, that his connexion with the book is scarcely known to any but the bibliographer. Jennyns, however, appears to have been more of a literary drudge than a scholar. The errors of Twysden's Symeon are pronounced by Mr. Hinde to be those of the transcriber rather than of the editor, whose want of familiarity with the Old-English character has led to many mistakes in the orthography of proper names. It is a more serious defect in Twysden's edition of our author that no attempt was made to discriminate between Symeon's real productions and the records of earlier date mixed up with them, the relics of the dispersed monastic libraries so feelingly lamented by Leland. Indeed this kind of criticism was then still in its infancy. Selden's attempt to deprive Symeon of the authorship of the *History of the Church of Durham* was, as we have seen, no less eminently unsuccessful. It is evident that Twysden himself, though he printed the preface

* *Symeonis Monachi Opera Omnia*. Vol. I. *Historia Ecclesie Dunelmensis*; *Varij Tractatus de Sancto Cuthberto, et Dunelmo*; *Epistola Symeonis de Archiepiscopis Eboraci*, &c. Edited by Thomas Arnold, M.A. London: Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.

containing Selden's critical arguments, was by no means convinced by them. He acknowledges that he has seen Turgot's name prefixed to the work in certain MSS.—"recenti tamen manu," according to Mr. Arnold "that of Sir Robert Cotton, and perhaps another, writing more than 500 years after Turgot's time"; but since, in the Cambridge MS., written perhaps about sixty years after Symeon's death, it is attributed to Symeon, he must regard him as the author—"non potui alium auctorem constituere." Eighty years after the publication of the *Decem Scriptores* a new and admirable edition of Symeon's *History of the Church of Durham* was undertaken by Dr. Thomas Bedford. It forms a small octavo volume, which is now of great rarity. The text is based on a MS. now in the library of the University of Durham, unknown to either Twysden or Selden. This MS. was believed by Mr. Rud to have been written, if not by Symeon himself, yet under his immediate direction. It is regarded by Mr. Arnold as "probably the authentic and original text of the work," and has been naturally taken by him as the chief authority for his own edition. The dissertation prefixed by Mr. Rud to this edition, in which he effectually disposes of Selden's theory of the authorship, is pronounced by Mr. Hinde "a model of close and accurate reasoning, perfectly conclusive in itself, irrespective of the corroborative evidence which has since come to light."

Coming down to our own times, the first part of the *Historia Regum* was printed by the late Mr. Petrie in the solitary colossal volume of the *Monumenta Historica Britannie*. In his literary introduction, this consummate historical authority discards the doubts as to Symeon's authorship as unworthy of consideration, and expresses his own opinion with emphatic terseness—"on this point Rud is right."

Had the edition of Symeon's works undertaken by the late Mr. Hodgson Hinde for the Surtees Society been completed by him, there would have been little room for their republication in the Rolls Series. The qualifications of Mr. Hinde for such a task, in his wide and accurate acquaintance with the history, both general and local, of the Northern counties, descending to the minutiae of parochial topography, were so pre-eminent that few indeed could hope to equal him; to surpass him in this particular field, which he had made so peculiarly his own, would be impossible. But unhappily the Surtees edition remains and must remain hopelessly incomplete. At the time of Mr. Hinde's death only one volume had been issued, containing the *Historia de Regibus* with its appendices, the *Historia de S. Cuthberto*, and some smaller pieces. There was need, therefore, for another complete edition, of which Mr. Arnold's volume is the first instalment. Mr. Arnold makes grateful mention of the labours of Mr. Hinde, especially of the "local knowledge and unflagging industry" by which so many of the place-names occurring in Symeon's writings and those usually appended to them have been satisfactorily identified. We observe, however, that on some points he has come to a different conclusion from Mr. Hinde—e.g. as to Symeon's having resided as a monk at Durham before the removal of the brethren from Jarrow. But, even if Mr. Hinde were mistaken here, the points are so insignificant as to leave the great value of his work unaffected.

The volume now in our hands contains the *Historia Dunelmensis Ecclesie*, with Symeon's preface, and the epitome, and the first and second continuations by the later hands. This is succeeded by the *Auctarium*, and an appendix, of both which more hereafter.

The date of the *History of the Church of Durham* is placed by Mr. Arnold between the translation of the body of St. Cuthbert in 1104, of which the writer speaks as an eyewitness, and the year 1109, when Turgot, who is spoken of as still prior, was in an unhappy time for himself made bishop of St. Andrews. The work was written at the command of his superiors, Prior Turgot and Subprior Algar. Symeon brings down his history to the death of William of St. Carilef (1096), and there stops, "prudently abstaining from entangling himself in the history of the episcopate of the rapacious Ranulf le Flambard, who held the see while he was writing." The materials used, as stated by himself (c. 1) were (1) Bede's Ecclesiastical History and prose Life of St. Cuthbert; (2) other smaller treatises, *alia opuscula*, such as the collection of miracles on which he so frequently draws; (3) the real accounts of older men, "seniorum vernacium traditio," of what they had seen themselves or had heard from their fathers; (4) the "antiquorum dicta," by which Mr. Arnold thinks he probably means the "old Northumbrian annals from the death of Bede to the time of Charlemagne," which he subsequently used "as the basis for the *Historia Regum*," and, lastly, (5) his own testimony of what he himself had seen. Mr. Arnold says:—

The style is good and clear, giving the impression that the writer was a man of sincere and elevated character. In the history of events in the North of England during the thirty years following the Danish invasion of 875, on which the Saxon Chronicles tell us almost nothing, Symeon in this work supplies much valuable information, not to be found elsewhere.

As we have already indicated, Mr. Arnold strenuously maintains the correctness of the ascription of this work to Symeon, entering into a close and elaborate examination of Selden's reasons for considering Turgot the author, and giving the evidence in favour of Symeon's authorship, which he regards, "though not amounting to demonstration, sufficient to satisfy any reasonable inquirer." In this conclusion the readers of Mr. Arnold's Introduction will, we think, acquiesce.

The two supplements to the History, the "Continuatio Prima" and "Alterna," though not from the pen of Symeon himself, are of

much value as contemporary records, carrying on the History from the point where Symeon's chronicle ceases, through the episcopates of Ralph le Flambard, Galfred the Red, and William of St. Barbara, to that of King Stephen's youthful nephew, Hugh de Puisot, more commonly known by the less euphonious vernacular Hugh Pudsey, the builder of the western Galilee, by which, writes the historian, he not only increased the length of the cathedral, but added to its beauty—"ecclesiam insigni opere produxit et tam longiorem quam clariorem reddidit." With his architectural works, both in the cathedral and the castle, the record terminates. Both these continuations are, with good grounds, ascribed by Mr. Arnold to monks of Durham who lived in the midst of the events recorded by them. The two narratives of the scenes of violence and desecration which accompanied the intrusion of William Cumin, the Scotch usurper of the see, King David's chancellor and the favourite of his niece, the Empress Maud, are evidently from the pen of eyewitnesses who had actually seen the ladders set up and the armed men descending into the cathedral by the broken windows, had heard the profane and obscene songs of the soldiery echoing through the vaulted roofs in place of psalms and anthems, and had smelt the meats roasted in the holy precincts once redolent of incense, and who, with their brother monks, had been brutally driven from the altars at which they were kneeling in prayer by the drawn swords of these profane intruders, and, cooped up in their monastic buildings, had for a year and seven weeks mourned the profanation of their Zion.

The *History of the Church of Durham* is succeeded by an *Auctarium* containing six pieces, of which all but the first and the last were printed in Twysden's volume and have subsequently appeared in the Surtees volume. The first member of this *Auctarium*, entitled "De injusta vexatione Willelmi Episcopi primi," contains a curious account by an unknown contemporary hand of the trial and banishment by Rufus of Bishop William of St. Carilef—Mr. Freeman's "William of St. Calais"—on account of his supposed complicity in the plot of Odo of Bayeux, in which Bishop William, the blackest of traitors, rivaling the treachery of Judas Iscariot, according to Southern chroniclers who hated him as a Norman, appears as the victim of unjust persecution at the hands of a cruel and despotic sovereign. It is found in several MSS., and was first printed by Dr. Bedford in 1722. As Mr. Arnold remarks, Anselm's being styled "sanctæ memoriæ" in the mention of his frequent visits to the Bishop when on his deathbed at Windsor, proves that the memoir must have been written after that Archbishop's death in 1109; but the exact date as well as the author are unknown. The chief interest of this record lies in the light it throws on the inconsistency of Lanfranc's position as the strenuous opponent of an appeal to the Papal See. Mr. Arnold says:—

The account of the conduct of Lanfranc during the pleadings at Westminster is remarkable and deserves a careful study. His devotion to the Holy See and to ecclesiastical interests is well known; nevertheless we find him siding with the barons against the Bishop of Durham when the latter attempted, by appealing to Rome, to remove the judgment on his alleged treason from the King to the Pope. Lanfranc evidently thought that the two powers should be kept rigorously distinct; and that if a bishop were a tenant *in capite*, and charged with misconduct towards his suzerain, he should be tried in his feudal not his episcopal character, and therefore before a lay, not an ecclesiastical, tribunal. A different line of conduct he seems to urge will tend to weaken the central power and so bring on anarchy.

The *Historia de Sancto Cuthberto*, which follows, though containing many biographical and historical particulars of no little interest, is, properly speaking, nothing more than an estate roll of the monks of Durham, "the charter roll of the Church." It is the earliest authority for the well-known story of the appearance of St. Cuthbert to Alfred when taking refuge in the Athelney marshes under the guise of a pilgrim asking for food, and subsequently promising him victory over the Danes in a nightly vision, to which we may not improbably ascribe the dedication of the parish church of Wells to the great Northumbrian saint.

The next tract in the volume, on the fortunes of Earl Uchtred and his descendant, commonly called *de obsidione Dunelmi*, though the siege of Durham occupies no more than a single line, belongs to an age prior to Symeon. Its real object is merely to explain the descent of certain manors alienated by Bishop Aldhun on his daughter's marriage, some of which had reverted to the see on her repudiation of her husband for a more influential spouse, while others still remained in lay hands. But it has a value far beyond this, which was clearly seen by Lingard, who gives an abstract of it in a note to the first volume of his History, for the light it throws on the usages and manners of the age before the Conquest, reading like one of the records of brutal savagery and licentiousness in the later chapters of the Book of Judges. Mr. Arnold well describes it as "an authentic though fragmentary record of the wild and miserable age of Ethelred," in which "the loose notions and practice which prevailed on the subject of marriage are very noticeable. A Turkish pasha could hardly consult his own inclinations in this matter more unscrupulously than was done by Uchtred, the English Earl of Northumbria." We find in this curious tract, Aldhun, as a married bishop, portioning his daughter Ecgrida, on her marriage to Earl Uchtred, out of the lands of St. Cuthbert; Uchtred, on meeting with a richer spouse, Siga, the daughter of a wealthythane, Styr, divorcing the Bishop's daughter and honestly restoring the lands, and again, allured by a Royal alliance, repudiating Siga to marry Elfgriva, the daughter of King Ethelred. The hapless Ecgrida, sinking in the social scale, becomes the wife of athane, Kilvert, by name, and is a second time

divorced, on which, by her father the Bishop's commands, she takes the veil, and restores to the see her dower lands. Uchtred, on his marriage with Siga, espouses the feuds of her family, engaging to murder her father's deadly enemy Thornbrand, by whom, however, he himself is murdered by a base act of treachery, the murderer in his turn no long time after being killed by Aldred, Uchtred's son by the Bishop's daughter. It would be tedious to pursue the revolting story any further. The hereditary feud continued for four generations, each murder involving the sacred duty of the slaughter, not of the murderer only, but of his near relatives, as sharing in the same blood-guiltiness—"deletis filii et nepotibus"—until at last it was extinguished by the Norman Conquest. We find a horrible illustration of the unrestrained ferocity of the age, recalling Jehu and the Books of Kings, when Uchtred, after the defeat of the Scots who were besieging Durham, cut off the heads of the handsomest of the slain with their long twisted hair—"crinibus, sicut tunc temporis mos erat, perplexis"—and sent them to be exposed on stakes round the walls of the rescued city; the heads being first washed by four women (of the same class, we may suppose, as those who, according to the LXX., washed the slaughtered Ahab's chariot and armour at Samaria), each of whom received a cow as her payment. The picture which this short document presents of the everyday life of the bishops and nobles of the eleventh century is all the more striking from the calm, matter-of-fact way in which the most horrible crimes are recorded.

Mr. Arnold next gives us in succession a short Old-English poem on the situation of Durham, improved from Twysden's edition by a few obvious corrections; an epistle—"De Archiepiscopis Eboraci"—of no great value, since nearly all its facts, with the exception of some few about Archbishop Wulphere, are to be found elsewhere, probably written by Symeon when "a literary tiro"; and a somewhat bulky collection of chapters on the miracles and translations of St. Cuthbert, first published in a complete form in the *Surtees* volume, described by Mr. Arnold as "a sample of the hagiographical accretions that grew up round the memory of every great English saint." Mr. Hinde's opinion, which deserves the greatest consideration, is that the original treatise was completed within a short time of the foundation of the monastery of Durham, and received additions from time to time as fresh stories of miracles wrought by St. Cuthbert's relics sprang up. In its earlier form, as used by Symeon for his *History of the Church of Durham*, it consisted of only six chapters. The seventh, containing the account of the opening of the tomb of St. Cuthbert, the discovery of his body still uncorrupt, and the great translation of 1104, cannot have been written till after the death of Ralph d'Escures, Archbishop of Canterbury, which occurred in 1122, since he is termed "venerabilis memorie." Of this document Mr. Arnold gives an elaborate analysis, showing that it consists of two parts, neither of them, he believes, written by Symeon, though of the first of them he made "the amplest use." The second part is equally anonymous, and no conclusion has been arrived at by the editor further than that the author was a monk of Durham, certainly not Turgot, whose style bore a general resemblance to that of Symeon, but "seems hardly quite equal to it." In a note, however, on p. 229, he expresses his opinion that "it is not at all impossible that chapter vii., containing the account of the celebrated translation of 1104, came from Symeon's pen."

The volume is closed by an appendix, containing the poem of Ethelwulf, in smoothly-flowing hexameters, on the abbots and other inmates of the monastery to which he belonged, which Mr. Arnold, in an elaborate argument extending over five pages, seeks to identify with Craike, near York. It was certainly not Lindisfarne, and though he confesses the evidence to be "extremely scanty," he is able to satisfy himself that "the point may be considered as reasonably well established." This poem is followed by the *Life of Bartholomew, the Hermit of Farne*, first published in an imperfect form by Henschen the Bollandist in the fourth volume for June of the *Acta Sanctorum*, and now printed entire for the first time. It contains some very pretty stories of the kind-hearted hermit's pet bird, accustomed to eat crumbs from his table, which was killed by a hawk, whom he punished for his crime by a two days' fast and then set free; of his restoring to an eider duck one of her brood which had fallen into a chink in the rock; of his defending a fishing boy who had let the smack go adrift from the blows of his angry master, and other pleasing anecdotes. The volume closes with a biography of St. Oswald, the sainted young King of Northumbria, written in a cumbersome and inflated style by the same Reginald, the author of the "Libellus" on St. Cuthbert, who, having "little really to communicate beyond what could be found in Bede, thought it best to make up the deficiency by a display of rhetoric."

Mr. Arnold's notes are few, but sensible and to the purpose. They deal chiefly with names of persons and places, giving in as few words as possible the explanation needed to render them intelligible. Without such help most readers would be slow in recognizing our old friends the Danes in the "Scaldings," who on Egfrid's death devastated York. "It is evidently the same word as *Seyldingas*, descendants of Scyld, by which name both the royal race and the Danes generally are repeatedly called in *Beowulf*." In the same way the "Ecclesia Sancti Germani in Mercum," given by Earl Copsi to the See of Durham, is identified with "Mark in Cleveland, near Redcar," where the church is to this day dedicated in honour of St. German.

SNAKE-POISONING.*

ALTHOUGH snake-poisoning is of rare occurrence in this country, it is a subject of mysterious interest, and often of fearful import, to most persons, from the instinctive repulsion which they feel to the whole family of creeping things and the fatal results which so frequently follow snake-bites in other countries, especially our own colonies and dependencies. The two poisonous vipers indigenous to European countries rarely bite except in self-defence, and they are too small and feeble to cause death often in adult human beings, the fatal cases generally being those of children. The high leather boots worn by labourers and sportsmen doubtless prevent many accidents of this kind, as the viper cannot strike higher than the ankle, where indeed the bite, when it does occur, is usually found. Small animals like rabbits, frogs, and mice, die immediately after being struck; but larger ones, such as dogs and sheep, rarely succumb; while in horses and cattle the bite of our common viper is never fatal.

The opportunities of studying the effects of snake-poisoning denied to medical men at home are more than compensated for by the frequency of the accident in India, Australia, and America; and hence our knowledge of the subject is chiefly derived from residents in those countries. Sir Joseph Fayrer ascertained that in the year 1869 11,416 deaths from snake-bite occurred in a population of 120,972,262 in India; and he estimated that the annual death-rate throughout the country could not be less than twenty thousand. For our knowledge of the nature and effects of snake poisons we are principally indebted to Sir Joseph Fayrer's well-known work on the *Thanatophidia*; the Report on Indian and Australian snake-poisoning by Drs. Ewart, Richards, and Mackenzie; and to the investigations of Drs. Halford and Wier Mitchell in Australia and America. To these we have to add the small volume before us by Dr. Wall, containing some experiments carried on by him under the auspices of the Indian Government to elucidate some obscure points in the physiological action of snake-poisoning and test the theories and experience of previous observers.

Dr. Halford, of Melbourne, advanced the theory that in snake-poisoning germinal matter was thrown into the body, together with the virus, which rapidly developed and multiplied, the process going on at the expense of the oxygen; and he described some cells in the blood which he believed were evidence of his proposition. These cells were afterwards proved to be the ordinary white blood corpuscles; but nevertheless the germ theory has survived, and its supporters have received much apparent encouragement from the recent researches of Pasteur and others into the parasitic origin of some diseases having many symptoms in common with snake-poisoning, notably hydrophobia. With Dr. Halford's views Sir Joseph Fayrer could not agree; but finding that the blood after death from the bite of the viper (*daboia*) remained fluid, while after the bite of the cobra it quickly coagulated, he believed that death was due to some important changes in the blood. Dr. Wall is unable to accept either of these theories, and, while admitting a serious change in the condition of the blood in viperine, but not in cobra, poisoning, attributes the cause of death to disturbance of the nervous system; in the case of cobra poisoning to paralysis of the respiratory function, and in viperine poisoning to convulsions due to the direct action of the poison on the nervous system, and not to carbonic acid poisoning from failure of the respiration.

Dr. Wall's essay is not a clinical study of snake-poisoning of the human subject, but of the physiological action and the microscopic and chemical nature of the poisons of the cobra and the viperine snakes, under which heads he includes all the poisonous members of the family. He takes the cobra, the most vicious and fatal of the Indian snakes, as the type of the former, under which he also includes the Australian snakes; and the *Daboia Russellii*, a large, fierce, and deadly viper common to India and Ceylon, as the type of the latter, with which he includes the rattlesnakes of America, and, we may add, our own viper. The details of the experiments, tracings of the respiration, and drawings of the microscopic appearances of the virus are given, and each point is clearly and concisely stated and carefully argued out in a manner which will prove highly interesting and instructive to scientific men. The concluding chapter is devoted to some practical considerations relative to the prevention and treatment of snake-poisoning, and is well worthy of the attention not only of medical men, but of all who are liable to fall under its influence, as snake-poisoning generally occurs when its victim is far removed from medical advice and assistance, and its treatment demands the most prompt attention to prevent fatal results. It is popularly believed that the poisonous or non-poisonous nature of a snake-bite can be determined by the marks left on the skin by the fangs of poisonous snakes producing only two incisions, while a double row corresponding to their numerous set of teeth is the result of a bite inflicted by a non-poisonous snake. But Dr. Wall has no confidence in this superficial diagnosis, as the fatal bite of the cobra is sometimes invisible to the naked eye, and some innocuous snakes possess large teeth which produce wounds similar in appearance to those of poisonous snakes, and he believes it is absolutely necessary to make a free incision through the skin to ascertain the condition of the subcutaneous tissues. The immediate local effect

* *Indian Snake Poisons, their Nature and Effects.* By A. J. Wall, M.D., F.R.C.S., of the Medical Staff H.M.'s Indian Army. London: Allen & Co. 1883.

of snake-poisoning is to produce intense irritation and consequent congestion and redness of the deeper tissues, while it produces little change in the appearance of the skin; and this condition, he asserts, is always present in poisoned and always absent in non-poisoned snake-bites. Dr. Wall is the more urgent for the adoption of this course because it is favourable for effecting the only method of cure in which he has any faith—namely, the entire removal by the knife of all the poisoned structure before the venom can be absorbed into the system. This is, however, a somewhat serious operation, which requires the skilled eye and hand of the surgeon to perform, and it may well be asked if no simpler remedy is available. Are none of the popular methods of use, such as sucking the wound, injecting antidotes or antiseptics into it, burning gunpowder on it, or employing any of the hundred-and-one "cures" which have been vaunted from time immemorial by ignorant old women and timid people for this as for other incurable diseases? To all these devices Dr. Wall objects after careful examination as useless or worse, as they induce feelings of false security and lead to a loss of valuable time. Suction is not only useless, but is not quite free from danger to persons employing it, and he asks those who believe in its efficacy to try to prevent the narcotic symptom of a dose of morphia which has been injected subcutaneously. The author has examined thoroughly the action of antiseptics and chemical agents on snake poison, and this is one of the most instructive and valuable parts of his work, as his experiments help us to understand the mode of action and the treatment of other animal poisons. He proves satisfactorily that the virus of snakes does not owe its peculiar properties to "germs," but that it is a perfectly structureless plasma, whose physiological action is little influenced by such materials as carbolic acid, and that it retains its poisonous properties after being heated for an hour to a temperature of 224° Fahr., a temperature which it is hardly probable organic germs could survive. On the other hand, the disinfectants, which act by destroying organic compounds such as chlorine, sulphurous acid, and chloride of zinc, have a marked effect in weakening the activity of the virus, while the permanganate of potash—better known by the name of Condy's fluid—completely suspends it by parting with its oxygen and decomposing its albuminous constituents. This simple chemical action of the permanganate of potash has been misunderstood, and has been considered to be of a special or antidotal nature; hence the practice of injecting it into the blood in cases of snake-poisoning. Dr. Wall very justly points out that its action on all other organic compounds is the same, and that when injected into the body it spends its force on the first albuminous structures with which it comes in contact, and has no special affinity for or selective action for snake-venom. No substance of an antidotal character has yet been discovered, but when it is borne in mind what marked neutralizing effects some of the more powerful vegetable alkaloids exert on each other, there is ample encouragement for continuing to seek for one. As about ninety per cent. of snake-bites occur on the arms and legs, great importance is attached to the immediate application of a ligature to the limb above the seat of the wound. Dr. Wall thinks that the common mode of tying a piece of string or calico round the limb often fails to stop the circulation, and recommends as a substitute a piece of india-rubber bandage, similar to Esmarch's, employed by surgeons for bloodless operations. This is an excellent suggestion, if there were any hope that such bandages would be at hand when required, which indeed is very unlikely. We think that our author is a little hypercritical in this particular; an ordinary ligature applied to the arm—between the elbow and shoulder—and to the thigh will be quite effectual, while the difficulty of stopping the circulation in the arm below the elbow, and in the leg below the knee, can be overcome by inserting small pads in the hollows formed by the double-set bones.

When the constitutional symptoms of snake-poisoning set in, there is little to be done except to try to steer the patient through their course by administering light food and stimulants when necessary, and by resorting to artificial respiration in a few suitable cases. The system of treating a victim to snake-poisoning as if he were suffering from narcotic poisoning and keeping him moving about is most injurious, and the opposite course should always be adopted. Dr. Wall has found no benefit accrue from the injection of ammonia or the permanganate of potash into the blood, nor does he speak encouragingly of the treatment, so often followed in India and elsewhere, of giving large quantities of alcohol to the extent of producing intoxication.

With regard to the prevention of the mortality from snake-bites, the Indian Government relies on offering rewards for killing poisonous snakes, and the occupation of snake-killer is no doubt much more lucrative than that of rat-catcher in this country. The natives, who go about their work bare-footed and generally more than half naked, are often too much under the influence of the ancient superstition of snake-worship to make war on snakes with a prospect of exterminating them. Sir Joseph Fayrer tells us that they often object to killing cobras which may have taken up their quarters in their houses lest some misfortune may fall on their house or family. "Should fear, and perhaps the death of some inmate by accident, prove stronger than superstition, the cobra may be caught, tenderly handled, and deported to some field, where it is released and allowed to depart in peace." The mongoose is the natural enemy of the snake, and although it seems to be as tamable as the cat, its depredations on the poultry yard will always prevent it taking the place of the cat in the Indian's household. Dr. Wall mentions a fact relative to the

mode of attack of the mongoose on poisonous snakes which we do not remember seeing stated before, and which places that animal very high in the scale of animal intelligence:—

One of the Indian snakes' chief enemies, the mongoose, has no fear whatever of the poison, as any one will confess who has seen with what complete ease he seizes the snake and crushes out first one and then the other of the poison fangs with his long incisors, and then devours the cobra—thus rendered helpless—at his leisure. That the mongoose is perfectly aware of the existence of the poison-fang there can be no doubt, for he only seizes the cobra by the fang; and should he miss his aim he retires at once out of reach to make a fresh attack.

Dr. Wall makes this statement in support of his theory that the poison-fangs of snakes have not been developed for defensive purposes, but to enable them to secure their prey with greater ease and certainty. The cobra lives chiefly on frogs, which he secures by paralysing them, while the daboia, living on small but active mammals, disables them by throwing them into convulsions. It is probable that we have allowed the importance of the poisonous symptoms of snake-bites to overshadow our judgment in our inquiries into the uses of the poison-fang. The gland in which the poison is secreted is analogous to the parotid gland in other animals, and its secretion has probably some similar use to the saliva in the economy of the snake's digestion, and its action, even as a poison, may be due to some essential principle which may act in a similar manner to ptyalin, pepsin, or pancreatin, and only in a secondary way becomes an instrument of offence or defence.

It would be an interesting and a useful subject of inquiry for those persons who have the opportunity of making it whether snakes have, as the ancients asserted, strong antipathies to certain substances. Aristotle tells us that serpents may be driven away from a house by the smell of rue. Pliny says that the root of the holm-oak is an enemy to scorpions and that of the ash to serpents, which moreover will not retire under fern. Serpents may be driven away by the burning of hair or stag's horn, or the saw-lust of the cedar, or a few drops of galbanum, green ivy, or juniper, and those who are rubbed with juniper seeds are perfectly secure from hurt by serpents. It is probable that such substances as carbolic acid would be found useful for driving snakes away, as two or three drops placed in the mouth of a snake instantly destroys it.

Dr. Wall's small volume is a useful contribution to the elucidation of an obscure and difficult subject. Its small size and cheap form is one of its chief recommendations, as the other works published in this country are large and expensive. We congratulate Dr. Wall on having saved his work and his reputation as a worker from that grave of so much valuable scientific labour carried on by medical men in India—the official blue-book.

FEILDEN'S SHORT CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

WE might have thought that Messrs. Acland and Ransome's excellent *Handbook of English Political History* had left no place for any more Handbooks of English History. But the wants of students in these studying days are endless, and Mr. Feilden has found room for *A Short Constitutional History of England*, which, though it is in some respects open to criticism, is nevertheless good enough to stand side by side with Messrs. Acland and Ransome's *Political History*. Mr. Feilden's office is to act as a guide to our chief constitutional authorities, Stubbs, Hallam, and May; and his work differs considerably from the handbook already mentioned, not only in being exclusively devoted to constitutional history, but also in being arranged, not chronologically, but by subjects. The first chapter deals with "The Crown," and, under that heading, with the origin of kingship, the treason laws, the succession and the growth of the hereditary principle, instances of deposition of kings, the Royal power and prerogative, and the checks upon them, regencies, allegiance, the Bretwaldadom, and the position and rights of Queens Consort and Queens Regnant. The second chapter will probably be among those most frequently consulted. It treats of a class of subjects at which the stoutest-hearted student shudders—to wit, those connected with "The Council and Courts." Here we find, digested into a convenient and accessible form, the history of the *Curia Regis*, with the various meanings of that elastic expression carefully tabulated; the Privy Council and its powers; the Cabinet; the "Courts growing out of the Privy Council" foremost among them the Star Chamber and High Commission; the Law Courts, down to the Act of 1873 and the Order in Council of December 16, 1880. Other matters less high and mysterious, such as benefit of clergy and trial by jury, also are here treated of. The third chapter opens with the Witenagemot, and we cannot but admire the neatness and precision with which the rival opinions as to the constitution of that body are stated and docketed in foot-notes as "Canon Stubbs's theory," and "Mr. Freeman's theory." We are not quite sure we like the title given to this chapter, "The Central Assembly." It is not a recognized name, and it has a foreign sound. But it is no doubt difficult to find a convenient term under which to include the Witenagemot, the Great Council, and the Parliament. Our objections, however, are much stronger to the term "Model Parliament," here promoted to the rank of a formal historical appellation:—"In 1295 . . .

* *A Short Constitutional History of England*. By Henry St. Clair Feilden, B.A., Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1882.

assembled the famous *Model Parliament*, the precedent of which has been followed ever since"; and the writer continues to use the name, placing it between "the Mad Parliament" and "the Good Parliament" in a formal list of "Names of Parliament." Now so recent an invention as the name of "Model Parliament"—a purely technical term, we may say, of the modern school of history—hardly stands on a level with epithets like "the Mad," "the Good," "the Long," or "the Rump"—names some of them contemporary and expressive of genuine popular sentiment, others at least endued with the dignity of long prescription. The originator of the term is of course Canon Stubbs; but we do not think that he anywhere uses it in as technical and precise a manner as his disciples do—that is to say, he only describes the assembly of 1295 as "a model assembly," "the first summons of a perfect and model parliament."

We need not go through all the ten chapters, as we have said enough to show the plan of the work. The chapters on "Taxation and Finance" and "The Land" will probably be found useful by rising members of Parliament who may wish to show themselves learned on such subjects. We notice as especially good and clear the section on Feudalism—a matter on which people in general, and especially speakers at public meetings, are apt to go terribly wrong. The chapter on "The People" contains much miscellaneous information, including sections on the Liberty of the Subject and the Liberty of Opinion, under which latter head will be found the history of the Censorship of the Press and the Law of Libel. The section on "The Jews" is below the general standard of the book. It is too much in the old style of lumping together the instances of ill-treatment of the Jews by the king and by the people, as if the whole formed part of one system. The statement that "the Jews were subjected to great persecutions by John" sounds as if John had persecuted the Jews as Diocletian persecuted the Christians, or Louis XIV. the Huguenots, with intent to suppress them altogether—which was by no means what John wanted.

The work is completed by two Appendices, one giving a summary of the most important "Charters, Assizes, and Statutes," chronologically arranged; and the other a summary, in alphabetical order, of some of the more important cases in law bearing upon constitutional history. There is also a good index. Altogether the book will be useful in many ways, and more particularly in helping the student through the pages of Canon Stubbs's *Constitutional History*, which, with all respect be it said, is, partly perhaps by reason of its very copiousness, not the easiest reading in the world.

No handbook was ever yet so good that it could not be made better in a second edition; and as the general merit of the book before us will probably carry it through many editions, it is well to point out where improvements might be made. It is unfortunate that the very first paragraph should lead off with the misprint of *Ealidormen* for *Ealdormen*, but this is a trifle. The phrase, in inverted commas, describing the king as "the child of the people, not their father," though it has the authority of Allen and Mr. Freeman, would perhaps be better away, as Professor Max Müller holds that the original meaning of the Teutonic word which appears in Old English as *cuning* (king) is simply that of *father*, and as Mr. Freeman himself, though still inclining to the belief that *cuning* is the direct offspring of *cyn* (kin), has in his last edition of the *Norman Conquest* omitted the phrase in question. Both in this and other cases it would be well if Mr. Feilden would always specify the source of the passages which he prints in inverted commas. We may also remark that his list of Errata is not exhaustive, and that there is an annoying misprint in the second Appendix, where the case of *Thomas v. Sorrell* appears with the self-contradictory date, "1674 (25 Car. I.)." At p. 57, too, the date of 1876, given as the year in which the Court of Common Pleas was merged in the Supreme Court, is clearly a misprint either for 1873, the date of the Supreme Court of Judicature Act, or 1874, when the Act came into operation. There are also occasional carelessnesses of style, which would reveal, even if the author had not informed us beforehand, that the book is made up of his notes, and those not always put into shape—e.g. :—

On John's death the succession of the youthful Henry III. was secured by the admirable policy of the Earl of Pembroke notwithstanding his father's bad government.

In speaking of the powers of the Star Chamber, the author says, "The punishments, which were usually excessive and often illegal, were imprisonment, fines, mutilation, whipping, and torture." Now if, as we suspect, torture as a method of examination is meant, its place is not properly in a list of punishments; if it is used for some unspecified form of bodily punishment, it is as vague a term as *cruelties* or *atrocities*. Further on, the expression "In 1567 . . . the crusade against the Puritans began" ought certainly to be expunged. *Crusade* in this vague sense is a piece of very modern slang, and ought not to appear in a dry technical work, where every word should be used with the utmost accuracy and in its strict historic meaning. Moreover, even if we tolerate it as a figurative expression, it does not strike us as applicable to the efforts of Elizabeth's Government to enforce uniformity. A "crusade," even in the slang sense, implies a stirring up of popular sentiment. As a matter of taste, in a work of this class, we dislike coming upon "George III., 'the consecrated obstruction.'" The description is pointless in the place where it is introduced, for no instance of obstructiveness follows; and it teaches the student nothing except that somebody, he is not told who, has thought George III. obstructive, and by implication that Mr.

Feilden agrees. So too the introduction of a paragraph headed "Alleged disadvantages of the Upper House" is unnecessary, and indeed out of place. Why is one existing institution to be thus singled out from amongst its neighbours? There is no institution against which somebody will not allege "disadvantages." Some people object to private property, some to the Established Church, some to Christianity itself. Nay, there are blasphemers who allege that there are disadvantages in the institution of handbooks and such like aids to crammers and crammed. Without disrespect, we may observe that handbooks and summaries have a tendency to crystallize, as it were, into positive statements the conjectures and inferences of fuller histories, and sometimes, in their desire for putting things briefly and decidedly, to add inaccuracies of their own. Of these tendencies we have an example when Mr. Feilden writes of the Bretwaldadom as follows (the italics are his):—

That the power was definite is shown by Ethelbert of Kent granting to St. Augustine a safe conduct over all England.

No reference is given, but we suspect that this very precise statement is built upon the following passage in the *Norman Conquest*:—

That the Bretwaldadom of Æthelberht carried with it some real dominion beyond the limits of Kent is shown by the ease with which Augustine went and held a synod in a distant part of England, and a part still heathen. (See Bæda, ii. 2.) This could hardly be except by virtue of a safe conduct from the common overlord. Indeed Bæda's words are explicit—"adjutorio usus Ædibercti regiæ."—*Norman Conquest*, i. 551.

From the expression "adjutorio usus," and the facts of the case, Mr. Freeman infers a safe conduct; Mr. Feilden treats it as a certainty, and extends it "over all England," forgetting that Bæda expressly confines King Æthelberht's *imperium* to the South-Humbrian states, and that the very names Anglia and England belong to times later than those of Æthelberht and Bæda. Further on, Mr. Feilden tells us that William the Conqueror "forbade intermarriages between the great nobles," as if William had laid down some general rule on the subject. But, in the absence of any reference, we suspect that the statement is only founded upon the fact that William did forbid one particular marriage, that of the Earl of Norfolk with the Earl of Hereford's sister. We are surprised to come upon a repetition of the common mistake that the Statute of *Premunire* of 1393 is "so called from the word with which it commences." The word with which that Statute commences happens to be "Item," and "premunire" does not occur till close upon the end. Another common error is to be found in the statement that the Act of Appeals of 1532-3 forbade "all appeals to Rome." It forbade appeals in "all Causes Testamentary, Causes of Matrimony and Divorces, Rights of Tithes, Oblations and Obventions." This was followed up in the next year by a statute prohibiting "all manner of Appeals."

We have one word more to add. Though we consider this book likely to be helpful in studying the works of our constitutional historians, it must not be accepted as a substitute for them. Despite its name, it is not a history, but a collection of historical notes and abstracts assorted and labelled; and its character would have been more accurately expressed if it had appeared under the less pretentious title which the author himself gives it on the first page—"Notes on the Constitutional History of England."

AT FAULT.*

THIS is decidedly the cleverest novel that its author has written since he made his reputation by *Breezie Langton*. He has struck out a new line, and so far he has followed it successfully. From the frivolities of fashion, from dances, law-tennis parties, and flirtations—from the frothed cream of fiction, in fact—he has turned to far more thrilling subjects. *At Fault* does not imply a game at cross purposes, where two rivals are contending for a beauty's smiles; it refers to the check of the sleuthhounds in the shape of the Scotland Yard detectives on the trail of the criminal who believes himself safe. This time Captain Smart has taken M. Emile Gaboriau for his model, and has produced a most exciting criminal romance. Did we desire to pick holes, we should only find two faults with it; and as for the first of these, Captain Smart is very excusable, while in the second we may condole with him as the victim of circumstances. As to the former blemish, in devising an intricately ingenious plot he has on some of the leading points slightly strained probabilities; while, for the second, he has weakened the force of his story by the necessity for spinning it out to the regulation length. Through the first volume and a half of the second we were amused beyond expectation; but by that time the chief interest has necessarily evaporated, since we clearly foresee the inevitable *dénouement*; and the author has to fall back upon elaboration and repetition, though these are disguised with meritorious ingenuity. Nevertheless, taking it all in all, we have found *At Fault* a most entertaining and exciting story. And, either by art or else by accident, it begins so as to raise no undue expectations. In the opening chapter there is a sufficiently commonplace scene in the Regent's Park, where a distressed damsel, falling into the clutches of a rough, is rescued by a gentlemanlike man about town, who fortunately retains the physique and aptitudes of an athlete. The natural results follow, and

* *At Fault*. By Hawley Smart, Author of "Breezie Langton" &c. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1883.

we are landed at once in the semi-Bohemian world with which the readers of Captain Smart's books are sufficiently familiar. Mr. Herbert Morant, though moved by the sight of a fainting beauty reviving in tears, has no idea of letting his good action simply reward itself. He resolves to follow up an acquaintance so desirable, and astutely secures the means of doing so by pocketing a dropped piece of jewelry, which next day he proceeds to restore. He receives a warm welcome in a cottage orné from two charming women. His timely deed of chivalry has of course made a deep impression on the maiden he had saved from insult and outrage; while the mother, who is the fond guardian of that precious treasure, is almost as grateful as her blushing daughter. Besides, Mrs. Foxborough has other reasons for being civil to the insinuating stranger. He is good-looking, he has the manners of a gentleman, he moves in excellent society, and to all appearance he is fairly well off. Her pretty Nydia, or "Nyd," must have a husband some day, and as well sooner as later. And here we must remark in passing that we have much of that mixing of classes and castes in the style of Charles Dickens to which Captain Smart has accustomed us. Mrs. Foxborough is the wife of the successful lessee of the celebrated Syringa Music Hall; she has had her successes upon the stage herself, and her daughter is dreaming of similar triumphs on the boards. For a man like Morant a connexion of the kind would clearly be a *mésalliance*; and yet in Morant's meditations over his matrimonial projects the author never suggests that contingency. The difficulties indeed are suggested on the side of the elder lady. It appears, after some slight cross-questioning, that Morant has but a moderate income, considerably hampered by debts; and, although Mrs. Foxborough is far from discouraging his suit, she intimates that, before being admitted to a formal engagement, he must turn his obvious abilities to some profitable purpose.

Meantime, however, the interest of the story has been working upon lines that lie apart, although there can be no question that they are converging. We are introduced to the household of Mr. Fossdyke, a pushing solicitor, who is town clerk of the thriving town of Baumborough; and at first we have no reason to suspect the intimate relations which bind up the interests of the music-hall lessee with those of Mr. Fossdyke. We begin to surmise something of this when we perceive that the two have mysterious habits in common. Considering the strength of female curiosity—and this is one of those improbabilities we hinted at—it seems strange that both Mrs. Foxborough and Mrs. Fossdyke should be so very much in the dark as to the habits of their respective husbands. Notwithstanding the exigencies of a flourishing business, in which he happens to be the sole partner, and in spite of his engagements as clerk to the Baumborough Town Council, Fossdyke indulges in prolonged and frequent absences, which he persistently declines to explain. Foxborough, too, although the most affectionate of husbands and fathers, leaves the Syringa Music Hall to be managed by his wife, but gives her at the same time neither addresses nor information as to his movements. The difference between the men is that Foxborough's speculations appear to prosper, while local rumour whispers that Fossdyke is sometimes in need of money. And at last even Foxborough has an urgent necessity for the immediate advance of 6,000*l.* for a promising speculation; and he seeks and obtains the sum from Mr. Cademore, a notorious theatrical money-lender. That unlucky advance draws matters to a crisis, and brings about the explanations which we are beginning to expect, through a thrilling succession of cleverly dovetailed incidents. Fossdyke, who has always been doggedly reserved as to his antecedents, is murdered, as it is supposed, by the respectable Foxborough, with whom he is found to have had some former acquaintance. Then the man who is decidedly the most cleverly devised character in the novel is brought upon the scene, in the person of Silas Usher, the eminent detective. Mr. Usher not only does his detective work shrewdly and well, contrary to the habit of the ordinary police agent of fiction, but he possesses besides a marked and original individuality. He has something of Mr. Inspector Bucket in him, but not much, for though the type is similar the species has been modified. He has the same pluck and promptitude, the same quickness of intuitive perception, and the same readiness of daring resource. But Usher has superficially less of the thoroughbred professional and more of the adaptable manners of the gentleman. He goes about in adroit disguise, picking up stray crumbs of inspiration right and left; and he interviews the several personages of the story, eliciting their distinctive traits of character. He holds a possible clue to the mystery of the murder from the first, but for long it is almost hopelessly entangled. Patience, perseverance, and penetration however work marvels, and at last Mr. Usher may conscientiously pride himself on having pieced together his scattered materials and made what he terms "a beautiful case." We shall not do the author the gross injustice of anticipating the dramatic *dénouement* which crowns the sustained interest of his volumes. Suffice it to say that when Silas Usher runs the real murderer to earth, he discovers the secrets of the lives of both Fossdyke and Foxborough, and that the revelations abound in thrilling sensations.

But there are sundry subsidiary episodes in the plot which involve minor enigmas; while readers who are fond of flirtations and love-making will find tender and touching scenes in abundance. Mr. Morant, of course, marries Nyd Foxborough, having shown himself as chivalrous through the family troubles as when he came to the girl's rescue in the Regent's Park. And there is

another love affair in which the course of true love was even more seriously troubled. The defunct Fossdyke had received under his roof a charming young girl as his wife's companion. No one found her more fascinating than Mr. Philip Soames, the wealthy heir and partner of a provincial brewery. Phil Soames, who is as deeply smitten as Morant, throws himself, with his fortune and his future, at the feet of the beautiful Miss Hyde. To his own surprise, as well as that of everybody else, Miss Bessie Hyde unhesitatingly rejects him. Pressed strongly on the point, she owns frankly to a passion for him, but protests that, in his own interest, she can never be his wife. There is a secret in her history which she declines to reveal, but which she more than hints to be discreditable or disgraceful. That secret likewise is involved in that of Fossdyke, and is only cleared away by the researches of the detective, who thereby earns Mr. Soames's undying gratitude. And an important part is played in these intricate affairs by a certain Mr. Totterdell, who, if he is a secondary personage, is made decidedly amusing, although necessarily somewhat tedious. For he is presented to us as a bore of the first water; and to make a lively bore is well-nigh impossible. Mr. Totterdell is an inveterate meddler and cross-questioner; it is his inquiring mind, when applying itself to municipal affairs, that precipitated the fate of the unfortunate Fossdyke. And he becomes the despair of Mr. Usher, who, in his quest after the clue, is compelled to interview the old gossip repeatedly. Another good character is the dignified Mr. Marlinson, the landlord of the old-fashioned hostelry the "Hopbine," who is scandalized and driven to drinking and the verge of insanity by having a horrible murder perpetrated under his roof, to be followed by an inquest and the descent of detectives. Mr. Usher's dealings with the excited old landlord, alternately threatening, soothing, and flattering him, are masterpieces of the worldly-wise detective's art. Altogether the novel must be pronounced an excellent one; for there is character-sketching and humour, as well as abundance of sensation, in it.

MINOR NOTICES.

WE are afraid that Mr. Gibson will not find many to agree with him that there was any necessity to translate the *Viage del Parnaso* of Cervantes (1). The poem belongs to an obsolete form of satire. It deals with forgotten, or almost forgotten, men; and is only interesting now on account of the few autobiographical details which it contains. If, however, it was to be done, there can be no doubt that Mr. Gibson is well fitted for the task, as he showed by his translation of the verses in a recent edition of *Don Quixote*. His version of the *Viage* is not free from faults. The printer is probably responsible for the little piece of carelessness by which we have the same poet named "Poyo" in the Spanish text and "Poya" in the English on the opposite page; but there are other than printer's errors. "A curse on scruples" is, for instance, by no means an accurate translation of "*fuera melindres*"; and similar liberties are taken in other places. Mr. Gibson, who rebukes Mr. Duffield for the use of archaisms in the translation of *Don Quixote*, makes an occasional mistake of the same character himself. The line "*Miré la lista, y vi que era el primero*" is rendered, "I scanned the list, and first upon the list"—which is rather less intelligible than the original, even to a reader who can only guess at the Spanish through French and Latin. Let, it seems, is an old Scottish legal term. Now Scottish legal terms are as much out of place as archaisms in translations of Cervantes, and the use of the word here reminds us of the eccentricities of Captain Burton's translation of the *Lusiads*. On the whole, however, Mr. Gibson has done his work very well. He has adopted the tercet metre of the original. The critical introduction is much weaker. Mr. Gibson has yielded to the temptation which seems to beset every one who touches Cervantes, and finds hidden didactic meanings in his verses. The poet, it seems, sets out in this voyage on the Quixotic mission of reforming Spanish poetic literature. The indiscriminate praise given to so many poetasters is "meant sarcastic," according to Mr. Gibson. We have no room to argue the question here, even if it were worth arguing. It is enough to call Mr. Gibson's attention to one passage in his introduction. He disposes, and very properly too, of Mr. Duffield's egregious theory that Cervantes meant to attack the Church, on the ground that it would require us to believe him to have been a hypocrite. If we apply the same test here, what becomes of Mr. Gibson's interpretation of the *Viage*? The fact that we have had to mention Mr. Duffield's name more than once in this short notice of Mr. Gibson's book tempts us to make an observation on a curious literary survival of which it is for the moment the last example. Writers about *Don Quixote* and the author of *Don Quixote* are the last of the race of critics and commentators who keep up the bad old custom of making a personal quarrel out of a difference of opinion in literary matters. It is perhaps because so few know Spanish that every one who does thinks that every other who touches the subject is poaching on his preserves. The feeling is natural, but it a little reminds us of the unpleasant animals painted by Mr. Nettlethip in his picture of the blind old lion.

Mr. Ashley's monograph on the Artevelde (2) belongs to a class

(1) *Journey to Parnassus*. Composed by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Translated into English Tercets, with Preface and Illustrative Notes, by James Y. Gibson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(2) *James and Philip van Artevelde*. By W. J. Ashley, B.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

of historical essays which we should like to see much more common among us. It deals with a highly interesting period in European history, and one which is very little known, although it is closely connected with our own. The lives of the two Artevelde make an excellent peg on which to hang a study of that most interesting passage in European history—the struggle of the great towns against the feudal lords, and the equally bitter struggles of the townsmen among themselves. The burgess and the princes did not fight harder than the guilds fought with one another. Mr. Ashley has gone to the best sources for his materials. He has followed modern Flemish writers, but not slavishly, and he judges with every appearance of impartiality. He makes no attempt to represent James van Artevelde as an ideal patriot or as a model popular leader. Like the best of modern historical students, Mr. Ashley tries to see his man as he was and to judge him by the standard of his own time. Readers who are inclined to jump to the conclusion that because the townsmen of the fourteenth century fought against the counts, therefore they had much in common with modern Liberals, will learn the whole extent of their mistake from Mr. Ashley. Liberty in the middle ages meant privileges. The townsmen of Ghent or Bruges were cruelly oppressive to the traders of places in their neighbourhood. Fullers and weavers fought out their quarrels in the market-place exactly as Douglasses and Hamiltons did in the Canongate of Edinburgh. It was only the advent of the powerful Burgundian dukes of the Valois line which saved the cities from tearing themselves to pieces in civil dissensions. After looking at the picture of the Flemish cities in the middle ages, we can see the whole extent of the service done to English towns by the power of the Crown. Mr. Ashley tells his story simply, and with no attempt to be picturesque, for which he is to be thanked; but, though his style is clear enough, the book is occasionally obscure by reason of confused arrangement and want of division. We cannot see the wood because of the trees.

The series of little books (3) published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and intended to illustrate the history of science by the lives of its heroes, is being steadily carried on. Mr. Pattison has contributed the volume of "Chemists." With the scientific part of the book we shall not deal, but we can speak well of it from a purely literary point of view. Mr. Pattison approaches his subject with a sketch of alchemy and the alchemists—not the least attractive, we imagine, of the many delusions which have prepared the way for real science. He then carries on the story under the names of various chemists, beginning with Van Helmont and his immediate followers, until he reaches Liebig and Dumas. A chapter on modern chemistry completes the book. As a mere matter of biography, it is far from being as interesting as the volume devoted to the astronomers. None of the chemists seem to have led such varied and dramatic lives as Tycho Brahe or Kepler, but then Mr. Pattison's book does not depend on biographical details for its interest. We only find the author tripping in one matter of fact in which we can check him. He says that Paracelsus studied under Arab doctors in Spain. Now Paracelsus was born in 1493, a year after Granada was surrendered to the Catholic sovereigns, and long after Arabic science or philosophy had ceased to be a living force.

Mr. Leader Scott's contribution to the "Great Artists" Series (4) is also a readable enough little volume, but he tries to include more than can fairly be dealt with in his space. The Italian sculptors, who are here included with Luca della Robbia, would require a far larger volume to discuss them properly. Mr. Scott begins with Mino da Fiesole, and comes down to Giovanni da Bologna, besides adding three short chapters on the school of Siena. In the midst of all this, eight pages are given to Benvenuto Cellini. If it is enough, however, to outline the mere skeleton and nothing else of such a subject, then Mr. Scott has done his work clearly. We have the dates of the birth or death of these artists, the names of their chief works, and the places in which they lived. The criticism is chiefly of the simple kind which says this is right or that is wrong *ex cathedra*. The illustrations, as is commonly the case with this series, are highly comic. We can particularly commend the boys from Luca della Robbia's organ-screen in the frontispiece, and the mildly jocular face of the Niccolò Strozzi of Mino da Fiesole.

Sketching from Nature (5) is yet another of the innumerable manuals now published in which the writer will try to embrace more than he can hold. The subject might be dealt with in two ways. In the first place, the beginner might be told, as far as he can in a handbook, how to use his eyes, how to mass his subject, what to look for, and what to leave alone. The whole might be illustrated by examples from the work of the masters. Then, again, Mr. Ellis might have confined himself to the practical and mechanical part of his subject. To try to do both in 144 small pages of large print is simply to ensure superficiality. Unfortunately that is just what Mr. Ellis has done. He gives chapters on "Relative Tone or Values" and on "Simplicity in Art," which are far too short to allow of proper treatment of such matters. Then he endeavours to describe the technique of charcoal drawing and etching in about a dozen pages, and perspective in seven. As far as it goes Mr. Ellis's book is sound and clear, but he does not

go nearly far enough. That is, perhaps, more the fault of the conditions under which he had to work than his own. The illustrations are mostly fairly well done wood engravings from sketches by Mr. Stacy Marks, and deserve a word of praise. The perspective of a hilly road—by Mr. Ellis himself we presume, as it is not signed by any one else—is decidedly clever.

Books of jests are the dreariest of reading, and the sixth book of the Baháristán of Jámí (6) is the reverse of an exception to the rule. Either that great man—we all know his "Salaman and Absal"—which is bound up with Quaritch's pretty edition of *Omar Khayyam*—or some admirer has audaciously described this humorous production as "The blowing of the gentle Gales of Jest and Fragrant Air of Jokes, which cause the Rose-bud of the Lips to smile and make the Blossom of the Heart expand." This heading is the only joke in the book, which is full of such wild fun as this:—"A witty man, seeing a person on whose face a great quantity of hair had grown, said, 'Thou hadst better eradicate a lot of this hair before thy face becomes a head.'" We should doubt whether a careful selection from the flowers of Whitechapel rhetoric could quite match this book for absolute want of point and occasional coarseness of imagination. One very offensive specimen of Persian wit and humour has been concealed by the translator in the decent obscurity of the Latin language. It would seem, however, that the Christian Joe Miller has something in common with his Oriental brother, as appears from the following brilliant sarcasm:—"A certain philosopher has observed, an unskilful physician is a public nuisance." And, again, a youth being asked "Dost thou wish thy father to die that thou mayst take his inheritance?" replied, "No; but I wish they would kill him that I might not only take his inheritance, but also the fine exacted for his death." That sensible Oriental people who never laugh because they can see nothing to laugh at are probably brought up amid the blowing of these gentle jokes.

Any lady who wishes to know how to dress her hair on the soundest principles may learn by purchasing Mr. Lichtenfeld's *Principles of Physiognomical Hairdressing* (7). The art consists in "making the arrangement of the hair subservient to the natural proportions of the head, with due regard to outline, and to bring the coiffure in harmony with the lines formed by the features." Mr. Lichtenfeld's taste seems to us, judging of this great mystery from his illustrations, to be better than his grammar. He is very scientific and very much in earnest. Since the days of the great Shibli Bagarag, and the Shaving of Shagpat recorded by Mr. Meredith, no barber has taken his art more seriously.

The passion for reading about the climbing of hills seems to be incapable of complete satisfaction, and therefore Mrs. Fred. Burnaby will probably find readers for her *High Alps in Winter* (8). Nevertheless we will venture to assert that it is a very dull book. It shows perhaps a want of sympathy, but we cannot feel the slightest interest in accounts of how Mrs. A. or Mr. B. hired a guide, walked up a hill, were pulled up or lowered down rocks by a rope, slipped about on snow, and ate biscuits on a glacier. These are very nice things to do, but they make a tale of little meaning.

Mr. Cobb's tale (9) for seafaring folk has at least one merit which they will appreciate—it is nearly long enough to supply reading during the leisure of a voyage round the world. In the hurry of life on shore it is too much to expect that anybody can attack these four hundred and odd pages of close print without a sinking of the heart. Martin the Skipper is, however, a worthy fellow, and comes through the many trials of seafaring life, including a tremendous mutiny, with much credit. Is it necessary to add that there is also a lass who loves this sailor, and that everything ends with marriage bells? Boys who would read folios in double columns provided only they were all about the sea will appreciate Martin the Skipper, and he will do them no sort of harm.

The writer of a local history must be singularly unfortunate in his subject, or in his way of treating it, if the book is not both interesting and instructive. Mrs. Herbert Jones made a fairly good choice when she decided to write a history of Sandringham (10). The manor has an interesting past, and, what is of even more importance from the bookseller's point of view, the general reader is pretty sure to be attracted by the name of the country residence of the Prince of Wales. It is true that in order to fill up the book a good deal has to be inserted which has no obvious connexion with Sandringham. The author has to include a good deal of what belongs to the history of Norfolk, and not to that of the manor, but it is readable enough, though perhaps not rigidly accurate. Even when the facts are correctly stated an unpleasant element of sham is introduced into an historical study by a writer who can talk of Gaveston as "showing the paces of a thoroughbred racer by the side of the heavy, uncouth English nobles." There is far too much of such pinchbeck smartness in Mrs. Jones's style, but she is to be thanked for having done something to revive the memory of such worthies as Sir Cloudesley Shovel. We are afraid that the gallant tarpaulin Admiral, a Norfolk man,

(6) *Persian Wit and Humour; being the Sixth Book of the Baháristán of Jámí*. Translated by C. E. Wilson. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

(7) *Principles of Physiognomical Hairdressing*. With illustrations by Joseph Lichtenfeld. Published by the Author, 39 Great Castle Street, Oxford Circus, W.

(8) *The High Alps in Winter*. By Mrs. Fred. Burnaby. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(9) *Martin the Skipper; a Tale for Boys and Seafaring Folk*. By James F. Cobb, F.R.G.S. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

(10) *Sandringham, Past and Present*. By Mrs. Herbert Jones. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(3) *Heroes of Science—Chemists*. By M. M. Pattison, M.A., F.R.S.E. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1883.

(4) *The Great Artists—Luca della Robbia, with other Italian Sculptors*. By Leader Scott. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(5) *Sketching from Nature*. By Tristram J. Ellis. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

like Nelson, is now chiefly remembered by the funny tomb in Westminster Abbey which shows him in an unruffled periwig, but otherwise naked. He was, however, one of the best of a body of men who did England inestimable service. Nelson himself and Coke and Lord Rivers, together with many less famous men and some women, remarkable for various reasons, are written about by Mrs. Herbert Jones in a book-making, but withal not unpleasant, way.

It is perhaps a barbarism to say it, but we begin to wonder whether we have not had almost enough of selections from the English poets. Canon Farrar's contribution to the long list (11) is, however, a good and sound one. Although he does not distinctly say so, we imagine that Dr. Farrar intends his collection to be used by schoolboys, and learnt by heart, a kind of discipline which we agree with him in thinking is not so much used as it should be in schools. It would be an excellent thing for every boy and girl in the country to commit to memory every line in the book, and that is the highest praise that can be given to such a collection; but then as much might be said of the *Golden Treasury* with even greater truth. Canon Farrar has included passages taken from the middle of long poems, which we consider as little less than a crime in a literary point of view. The ingenious youth to whom the book is given for study would do well to skip the preface, in which there is little criticism and far too much moralizing. It is a curious view of English poetry which leads Dr. Farrar to say that, if we add the names of Pope, Cowper, and Wordsworth to those of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, "the list of poetic epochs is complete down to the beginning of the present generation." What place is left for Byron?

The history of the London theatres (12) is a popular and fertile subject. Mr. M. Williams's little book does not profess to cover the whole ground, which indeed would have been impossible in the space. It is devoted to a few of the lesser known theatres, and the Lyceum. Even within the limits he has imposed on himself, however, Mr. Williams fails to fulfil the promise of accuracy given in his preface. Some of the chapters which have appeared before have not been brought up to date, and contain direct faults of omission and commission. When the author carries out his intention of publishing another volume, he would do well to be more careful about ascertaining the authorship of plays for one thing, and also to avoid such blunders as turning O. T. Smith into O'Smith, and writing Nésle and Féchter with superfluous accents.

We have to note the appearance of a half-guinea edition of Dr. Lansdell's popular book on Siberia (13). It makes a somewhat fat and unhandy single volume, but it contains all the plates of the original edition, and is clearly printed.

Mr. James Grant's history of Old and New Edinburgh (14) has now reached its third volume. This instalment deals rather with the surroundings of Edinburgh than with the town itself, but it contains a history of the University and a sketch of the old social life of the town. The first chapter is devoted to the Kirk of Field, and of course includes the story of Darnley's death. From the tone in which Mr. Grant writes we imagine that he would like to say roundly that Mary had nothing to do with the tragedy, but that his hands are tied. Nothing is so tenacious as a legend of a saint. The book is copiously illustrated with fairly good woodcuts.

We have, as usual, a large crop of reprints to notice. It is always pleasant to see them, and, for various reasons, we are particularly glad to welcome the first volume of "Morley's Universal Library." It contains all the plays of Sheridan (15), and is to be had for the moderate sum of a shilling. As may be supposed, it is not a marvel of beauty in the matter of paper and printing, but both are sufficiently good; and anything which puts the masterpieces of literature within the reach of all deserves encouragement.

Messrs. Macmillan's neat reprint of the works of Emerson has now reached the fourth volume, which contains his most popular works—*English Traits and Representative Men* (16).

The charming parchment edition of *Shakspeare's Works* (17) has reached the eighth volume.

Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are also bringing out a new, pretty, and cheap edition of the works of Hawthorne (18). The first two volumes, containing the *Twice-Told Tales* and the *Mosses from an Old Manse*, have already appeared.

Major Dyke has published a handy little treatise (19) meant to be used by officers who calculate scales. Nothing of the sort has, we believe, been attempted before, and we have no doubt that Major Dyke's lucid pamphlet will be found useful.

(11) *With the Poets: a Selection.* By F. W. Farrar, D.D. London: 1883.

(12) *Some London Theatres, Past and Present.* By Michael Williams. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(13) *Through Siberia.* By Henry Lansdell, D.D., F.R.G.S. Fourth Edition. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(14) *Cassell's Old and New Edinburgh.* By James Grant. Vol. III. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co.

(15) *The Plays of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.* With an Introduction by Henry Morley. London: Routledge & Sons. 1883.

(16) *English Traits and Representative Men.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. London: Macmillan & Co.

(17) *Shakspeare's Works.* Vol. VIII. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

(18) *The Complete Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* With Introductory Notes by G. P. Lathrop. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(19) *A Treatise of Scales.* By Major T. H. Dyke. London: Allen & Co. 1883.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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